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[ONE PENNY.]

## THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIER.

It is, we believe, generally admitted that since the war between Prussia and Austria, which culminated in the crushing defeat of Sadowa, the Prussian soldiers are, in point of equipment, bravery, and education, without rivals. It would be well if our War Office authorities would study the nature and composition of the Prussian army with a view of correcting old-fashioned abuses in our own as far as possible, placing our soldiers on a level with the warriors of King William. Let us see what the system of recruiting in Prussia is.

The basis of it is to be found in the acknowledged principle that it is the duty of every man to defend the country. No man enters the army as a trade, but at the age of 20, when his frame is fully developed, every individual becomes liable to serve in the ranks. Here he learns his duty, and becomes in habit and feeling a disciplined soldier. After serving three years "under arms" he is placed in the "reserve" for two years, and returns to his ordinary occupation, liable to be called upon, however, to return to the ranks. He then belongs in succession to the first and second call of the Landwehr until he has completed 40 years. Beyond this again is the Landsturm, which is, in fact, a *levée en masse* of the male population between 17 and 50 years of age, and comprises every one not included in the previous classes. No change was made in the dress of the Prussian soldier on his taking the field, nor were any additional articles of clothing issued to him to suit the vicissitudes of the weather. The tunic is described as short in the skirt and fitting easily; but it is expressly stated the first thing that the Prussian soldier did on starting for a march was to unbutton his tunic, replace the stiff, uncomfortable helmet by the forage cap, and make himself, as much as he could, like a sensible pedestrian with a long walk before him. What he lost in appearance he gained in personal comfort, and—what is of great consequence in campaigning—his chest was free from constraint, and he became better fitted to endure fatigue. The stock was soft and allowed of free motion of the neck. Socks were not worn. Either the boot was drawn on to the naked foot or the feet were wrapped in linen. The latter plan was found to be preferable to any other. The feet were not blistered, and it did not wear into holes and become worse than useless, as a sock does. During the long marches in very hot weather, along roads alternately dusty and muddy, the falling out from foot soreness was inconsiderable. In the Danish war some regiments were supplied with socks, but the result was unfavourable. The knapsack was suspended from the shoulders entirely, so as not to press on the loins, its upper edge being on a level with the shoulders, the chest free from compression,



THE POPE OF ROME.

and the arm unrestrained. The weight carried by the soldier in the field is made up as follows:—Dress, 12lb.; arms and accoutrements, 18lb. 5oz.; knapsack and contents, 27lb.; haversack, with one day's rations, nearly 2lb.; making a total of between 59lb. and 60lb. A certain proportion—20 men in a company of 250—carried pioneers' tools weighing about 5lb. 8oz., so that each soldier occasionally had on his back 68lb. 7oz. 12dwts. No special provision was made to relieve him of any part of this weight. On one or two occasions the empty forage carts relieved the men of their knapsacks and contents, and they were delighted to get rid of the "monkey on the back," and those who were without them fared quite as well as their comrades who were encumbered by them. The longest march in a day was thirty miles, but many divisions marched twenty miles for several days in succession, only a few men falling out. To what was this excellence in the marching power and endurance due? The question has a direct bearing upon the state of our own army.

their strength for the moment of action. In March last the Prussian Government assembled a board of the most able military and civil surgeons, to confer upon the medical department of the army, and particularly to consider what changes were necessary in the organisation of the field hospitals. The distinction between the heavy and light hospitals will be abolished—that is to say, each heavy is to be divided into three light hospitals, so that counting those already existing, every army corps of about 30,000 combatants will, on taking the field, have 12 light hospitals, each calculated to afford relief to 200 sick or wounded men, and each furnishing a flying detachment and a depot. As the corps advances all the hospitals will follow it closely. To whatever cause the efficiency of the Prussian army is due, the fact remains; and if England wishes to continue a great military power she must not refuse to learn from her neighbours on the Continent, who, by a few months of practice, overturn the theories and traditions of many years.

It is not accounted for by the clothing, and certainly not to light weight or convenience of the equipment. We believe that it is entirely owing to the superior physique and suitable age and condition of every man composing the army. A battalion of one of the regiments of the Guard Corps took the field with 1,002 men, all between the ages of 20 and 28. Though the Prussian army was so efficient, the experiences of the Bohemian campaign showed that the exigencies of modern warfare demand that the weight carried by the soldier should be reduced by the abolition of the present "field kit" and the substitution of a soft waterproof valise, containing a larger quantity than usual of food and a few necessary articles. The equipment of the soldier on service at the present time is a different matter from what it was a few years since. By means of railways, depots of clothes and other necessities can be formed in the rear of armies in the field, and as the periods during which the communication with them is interrupted are comparatively short, the necessity of making the soldier independent of his supplies, and of loading him with baggage, no longer exists. If the recent successful war in Bohemia, consisting of a few forced marches and rapid concentration of troops, a week of battles followed by a vigorous pursuit, is to be any guide for the future, the great object should be to arrive rapidly and fresh on the field where the contest is to be decided. The efficiency of an army will now depend more than ever on the efficiency of the men composing it, and this is best attained by promoting their bodily comfort, by giving them a dress and equipment suited to the work to be done, by relieving them from all useless encumbrance, and husbanding



## COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE speeches delivered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Edinburgh are now being revised under his direction for separate publication by Messrs. Blackwood.

THE Emperor Napoleon breakfasted at the Elysée with the Emperor of Austria on Saturday. In the afternoon the Court left for Compiègne, and on Monday the Emperor of Austria returned to his dominions.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Disraeli left Edinburgh for London on Friday. They were accompanied to the station by the Lord Advocate, the Lord Provost, and other gentlemen, and there was a numerous assemblage on the platform, who loudly cheered Mr. Disraeli as the train drew off.

HIS Excellency Baron Beust arrived at the Austrian Embassy, Belgrave-square, on Friday night, where he was received by Count Apponyi, who had come over from Paris on purpose, and by the members of the embassy. On Saturday his Excellency paid visits to several Cabinet Ministers and leading members of the Diplomatic Corps.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Keppel and Lieutenant Haiz, and accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, and their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, honoured the performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday, with their presence.

A BOOK, about which there has been much anticipatory and not always well-founded gossip, and which will, no doubt, be eagerly read, is in the press, and will shortly be published. We understand that the volume will appear under the simple title of "Leaves from a Journal of Life in the Highlands; Tours and Yachting Excursions from 1842 to 1861," and that it will be edited by Mr. Arthur Helps.

HIS MAJESTY, on her return from Balmoral, stayed on Saturday for an hour at Lancaster, and the mayor and civic authorities of that ancient city took advantage of the incident to present loyal addresses, which, together with a remarkably handsome bouquet of autumnal flowers (the gift of the mayoress, Mrs. Ware) were most graciously received. Her Majesty was apparently in the best possible state of health. The journey was performed with its usual safety and dispatch, the Royal party having left Balmoral at 8 a.m. and arrived at Windsor Castle at 5 p.m.

ON Saturday evening a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Charles Dickens previous to his departure to the United States for the winter. The chair was taken by Lord Lytton, and the company comprised almost every eminent personage in the world of letters—artistic, scientific, and literary. The principal speakers were the guest of the evening, the Chairman, Mr. Tom Taylor, Sir F. Grant, Mr. A. Trollope, Sir E. Landseer, Mr. B. Webster, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, and Mr. Buckstone. The entertainment in all respects was of the most brilliant character. A full account will be found in another page.

THE report, proceedings, and minutes of evidence, given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, which was appointed to consider certain proposed improvements in the arrangements of the House, has been published. The report states that the Committee has agreed to report the evidence, with a recommendation that a Committee on the same subject should be appointed at the commencement of the next session. The witnesses examined were, with others, Messrs. E. M. Barry, G. W. Hunt, G. Clifford, H. C. E. Childers, T. Hankey and Lord C. Russell. This document comprises plans of the present House of Commons, as well as of the alterations designed by Mr. E. M. Barry, Mr. T. Bazley, and Mr. T. Hankey.

ON Saturday the Lord Mayor elect, attended by the sheriffs and under-sheriffs and other officers of the Corporation, proceeded with some degree of state to the residence of the Lord Chancellor, in Eaton-square, where the civic chief was presented to his lordship by the Recorder. The Lord Chancellor, in notifying the Royal approval of the choice of the livery, took occasion to say that the guardianship of the City had devolved upon the new Lord Mayor in anxious times. Outrages and deeds of violence and rumours of tumults were constantly recurring without any assignable motive, and more than ordinary vigilance and determination were necessary for the preservation of the public peace. There were no public grievances which required redress, and turbulence must, therefore, be curbed by the strong hand of power. The Lord Chancellor paid a high compliment to the mode in which justice is administered in the metropolitan police-courts.

A MEMBER of the City committee makes the following explanations in reference to the Lord Mayor's inaugural dinner. "The committee is composed of twelve gentlemen, six of whom are chosen by the Lord Mayor elect, and the remaining six by the two sheriffs. Their office is to deal with all matters of detail, such as the arrangement of the Guildhall, providing for the comfort of the guests, the specialities of the procession, &c., and in recognition of their services, each gentleman is presented with two tickets to the banquet. The Remembrancer (under the direction of the Lord Mayor and Sheriff) sends out all invitations; the committee have nothing to do with this part of the arrangements. The cost seldom exceeds £3,000, and this sum includes the cost of altering and decorating the Guildhall, the procession, music, gas, police, printing, and the banquet; in short, all the expenditure of the day."

THE Court Circular says that the Prince of Wales (shortly after becoming the owner of the property) went one day into the cottage of an aged widow and listened to her conversation as to her having lived in the cottage the whole of a life which had lasted considerably more than threescore years and ten, succeeding the tenancy of her parents. The Prince is said to have asked her if she paid any rent, to which she replied in the affirmative, naming the amount, and also adding that the then agent was pretty sharp in the collection of the rent. His Royal Highness suggested that she should not pay any more, but the old woman urged that if she did not she should be turned out of the cottage and be compelled to go to the workhouse. The Prince is said to have replied, "Tell Mr. — that the Prince of Wales says you are not to pay any more rent." The truth then flashed across the mind of the poor old woman that it was the veritable Prince who was talking to her, and, inasmuch as she was, she slid off her chair on to her knees to thank his Royal Highness, the Prince insisting on her resuming her seat.

THE Lord Mayor's State Coach is of such importance that it once figured in the procession of the 9th of November without the chief magistrate. The City sovereign (Ironsides, 1753) had the gout; he was unable to mount the gilded waggon, but he was got into a magnificent sedan chair, and was so conveyed westward. But the indispensable "coach" kept its place in the line, and an alderman (Bean) was put into it to look as like his lordship as he could, and please himself with ideal authority. The London citizens did very well without the show for many years. The Mayor was first presented to the Barons of the Exchequer in 1251, but there was no "procession" till 1433. From this day there was a land and water show till 1685, when most of the old land pageantry was suppressed. Of late years the aquatic part of the show has floated out of observance, and now the State Carriage is tottering to its fall. The Lord Mayor elect is a bachelor; his sister will be the acting Lady Mayoress. Ovid has an apt line for this circumstance:—

Est aliquid nupsisse Jovi, Jovis esse sororem.  
It's no small things to occupy a chair  
As wife or sister of the skies' Lord Mayor.

## HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE public will read, with a sensation of relief and thankfulness, that the rumour of 150 men and boys being drowned in a coal-pit near South Shields has not been realised. It appears that in the Cranlington pit, where about 150 men and lads were employed, the hewers approached too near the old workings of an adjacent colliery, from which there was an immediate rush of water. An alarm was given, and the workpeople were enabled to reach various places of safety until they could be drawn up. A man who descended to inspect the accumulating waters was unfortunately drowned and some of the boys were hurt. All the remainder were rescued. Great damage has been done to the workings.

INTELLIGENCE reached Westminster Hall on Monday of the death of Mr. Edward James, Q.C., and M.P. for Manchester. The learned gentleman at the time of his death was sojourning in Switzerland, where he had been staying some time in consequence of his health. Mr. James was called to the bar in June, 1835, and was made a Q.C. in 1853. He was the leader of the Northern circuit, and held the office of Attorney-General for the County Palatine, as well as that of judge of the Court of Passage, Liverpool. He was also bencher of Lincoln's Inn. At the last election for Manchester he was returned by a combination of Whigs and Conservatives in opposition to Mr. Jacob Bright, the Radical candidate.

MR. ROBERT LOWE, M.P., delivered an address at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, last week, on public education. After expressing his views on the compulsory system of elementary tuition, he spoke of the necessity of a complete reform of the higher education, of breaking down the ascendancy of Greek and Latin, and giving a fair stage to the neglected branches of study—Politics, history, law and letters, the modern languages, and the physical sciences. He did not despise Latin, Greek, and mathematics, but he wished all branches of instruction to be put on equal terms, and that parents should be left to discover what branches should be studied by their children. Unless our higher education was brought into accord with the necessities of the age, the higher classes would not recover the influence they were likely to lose by impending political changes. The lecture was received with immense clearing.

AT the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on Wednesday, John Craig, a smartly-dressed young man, was placed at the bar, charged with the murder of his mother, Elizabeth Barrie, or Craig, in her house in Canal-street, Aberdeen, on Saturday, the 21st of June last. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner, who was a clerk in an office, had got into dissolute habits, and though formerly kind to his mother, had latterly often quarrelled with her, the mother being also intemperate. Mrs. Valentine, a neighbour, had overheard some of the quarrels, and remembered Mrs. Craig one day saying to her son, "You'll be my murderer yet," and "You may burn in hell for me yet." Mrs. Craig was in the habit of using coarse and violent terms when in liquor. When sober she and her son lived together on friendly terms. From the Friday to the Monday the prisoner was seen going about in a debauched condition, lying in streets and closes, and one of the nights some of the neighbours heard a moaning through the night. Mrs. Craig was not seen after the Friday, and was found dead on the Tuesday morning by a girl who had gone into her house in consequence of the noise made by the parrots of the deceased, which were clamouring for food. The body was much cut and bruised, and the appearance it presented led the medical witnesses to the conclusion that death was the result of violence. The evidence was, however, very defective as regards tracing any act of violence to the prisoner, and at the close of the prosecutor's case the jury expressed their opinion that there was no use going on with the case. The Solicitor-General said that in these circumstances he did not think it was his duty to press the case to a conviction. The jury proposed to return a verdict of Not Proven. The Dean of Faculty, for the prisoner, thought he was entitled to ask for a verdict of Not Guilty, but he was willing that the case should stop at the present stage, and to leave the matter in the hands of the jury. A verdict of Not Proven was accordingly returned.

ON Thursday an adjourned examination took place of William Henry Gardner, major in the Royal Jersey Militia, and secretary to his Excellency Major General Burke Cuppage, Lieutenant-Governor of the island of Jersey, charged with embezzlement of the sum of £120, received by him for the payment of prize money to the militia regiments of the island. He was also charged with falsifying and mutilating official books. His Excellency was the chief witness against the prisoner. Since the first examination further defalcations have been discovered to the amount of £216, to effect which the prisoner has had recourse to the following plan: The British Government granted a yearly sum of £36 towards the expense of repairing the arms of the militia, the balance being paid by the states (the local government). Mr. Henry Vint, the sergeant-armourer, gave evidence to the effect that he was accustomed yearly to make out an estimate of the sum total required for the purpose, sending it in to the Lieutenant-governor. The portion paid by the home government should, when received, have been paid by the prisoner to the treasurer of the states, that official paying the whole amount of the account of Mr. Vint, and taking his receipt. Through negligence the treasurer has not received the Government allowance for the last six years, though the money has been duly forwarded and acknowledged to the War Office. The prisoner's mode of operation was as follows:—Between the last line of the estimate and the signature of Mr. Vint, at the foot of the same there was a space of a few lines. On these the prisoner wrote an acknowledgment of the receipt of the £36 to be received from the Government, appending to it the name of Mr. Vint, and receiving the sum in due course from the War Office, retaining it instead of handing it over to the states' treasurer. This he had done for the last six years, making the total sum thus appropriated £216. The magistrate committed the prisoner for trial, and refused to accept bail for his appearance.

## OUTRAGES ON THE POLICE.

IT is unreasonable to consider all the recent outrages which have been committed on policemen as different forms of Fenianism. They are in reality a development of violent criminality, a disregard of the ordinary fear and respect for the law, a disappearance of the wholesome respect we are accustomed to see paid to the embodiment of authority in the person of the police, demanding our special attention. In one sense, however, the Fenians may be held responsible for this new form of war between order and violence, between private revenge and public peace. They have familiarized our lower orders with the possession of revolvers; they have disproved the invincibility of the police by the defeats they have inflicted on them; they have proved how easily it is to commit murder without detection; and they have finished their lesson by clear demonstrations of the great chances of escape which still may cheer up the prisoner in custody. It is plain that such a state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue. We must meet this epidemic of murderous shooting with a determined front. We must root it out neck and crop. We must not shrink from the unflinching infliction of the punishment richly earned by those who have imported this foul stain. The verdict and sentence delivered in the court at Manchester is the first step in the right direction. Let no misjudged leniency sacrifice the national security to a morbid sentimentalism for patriotism which is a falsehood.—*Post*.

## METROPOLITAN.

A LARGO field met Mr. Galt's hounds at Haynes-hill on Monday. They found a fox at Mr. Short's osier bed, and ran him to ground after a very pretty hunting run of an hour and a half. Some parts of the run were very fast, and all enjoyed the sport. The postermongers of South London intend holding a meeting to see if it be not possible to establish a market where they may assemble and sell their goods without violating the new Metropolitan Street Traffic Act. At present, they assert, they must violate the law or become a burden on the rates.

VITRIOL throwing at church doors in Camberwell by unknown persons has been so complained of lately by the congregations attending, that the churchwardens of St. Giles's and Camden Churches have offered a reward of £20 for the detection of the miscreants.

IN 1866, the number of vagrants throughout the kingdom was 35,191, being 1,500 more than in 1865, and an increase of 10,000 on the average number of the three preceding years. Will the Statistical Society, or the Registrar-General tell us the reason why?

AT the meeting of the committee of the Newspaper Press Fund, held on Saturday, at the office, in Cecil-street, Strand, Lord Houghton, the president, in the chair, eight new members were elected, and several grants made varying in amount from £30 to £10 each.

ON Saturday an inquest was held in Church-street, Hackney, on the body of Charles King Prome, aged 42 years. On Thursday deceased was seen to place himself deliberately before a train at Dalston. He was cut in about 20 pieces. His being out of work and fear of poverty appear to have led him to the commission of self-destruction. The jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

ON Saturday an application was made in the Court of Queen's Bench for a rule nisi to show cause why a prohibition should not issue to stay the proceedings in the Court of Arches against the Rev. A. H. Mackenzie for certain "ritualistic observances" at the church of St. Alban's, Holborn. In respect to one point, dwelt on at some length by Mr. James, Q.C., counsel for the defendant, the Court refused to interfere; but on that relating to the constitution of the Court a rule was granted.

THE storm of Saturday night did much damage along the Irish coast south of Dublin. Trees were uprooted, and even carried considerable distances by the hurricane. In the Phoenix Park some fine trees fell. The Royal George guard ship broke from her moorings in Kingstown, and was for a time in some danger, having run right against the east pier of that harbour; but she was finally towed back to her station by the Holyhead mailboat *Uster*, which arrived two hours late after a very severe passage.

SATURDAY being the first day of Michaelmas Term, the different courts of law and equity were opened in Westminster Hall with the customary formalities. Previously, there was the usual breakfast given by the Lord Chancellor on the termination of the long vacation to the judges, serjeants, and Queen's counsel at his private residence in Eaton-square. His lordship and the judges came in their carriages, shortly after one o'clock, to Westminster, and on alighting passed along the hall in full dress robes to their respective courts. The weather being very fine, a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen had collected to witness the arrival of the learned dignitaries of the law. The arrears in most of the courts are considerable, and a very busy term is expected.

FATHERS and grandfathers can remember the days when tinder-boxes and flint and steel were in general use, and the first coming in of those very convenient matches which gave us a light so easily. Sixpence a box was then the price; now it is less than a penny; and the inhabitants of Swiss villages get their living through the winter by preparing the millions of little slips of wood for the manufacturers who tip them with phosphorus. But with all their advantages, lucifer matches involve some disadvantages, as may be read in the evidence given last session to a Committee of the House of Commons, by the Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance, who stated that by the careless use of lucifer matches the company lose £10,000 a year. It has been remarked that strict economy in the use of bread in every house would keep down prices at Mark Lane; and it is clear that if people would be careful with their matches the fire insurance offices might reduce their premiums.

A GENERAL court of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution was held on Friday, at Hancover-square Rooms, to fill up the £100 annuity of £40 and four other annuities of £20 each. The list of candidates presented a lamentable amount of genteel poverty, there being no fewer than 146 candidates. All were above 50, and one lady had even attained the great age of 81 years. Many were stated to have held respectable positions in society, but had been (some at a very early age) owing to the improvidence or misfortune of their fathers, obliged to become governesses. On account of the large number of candidates and the few annuities to be conferred the result of the poll was awaited with anxiety by a numerous assembly of ladies and gentlemen interested in the success of their several protégées, but it was sad to observe how many have been on the list for years, and having but few friends must, year after year, with "sickness of heart," see, again and again, their "hope deferred," as fresh competitors spring up who are preferred before them. The following is a list of the successful competitors:—Miss Josephine W. Gribble, the Bullar annuity of £40, with 2,115 votes; Miss Elizabeth Francis, 2,060; Miss Priscilla Thompson, 1,930; Miss Sarah Messenger, 1,913; and Miss Harriet Holton, 1,760; each an annuity of £20. In addition to the £10 collected for the highest unsuccessful candidate, the board, to lessen the disappointment of failure, gave £10 to each of the next five on the poll, who were—Miss Rose Inna Ward, 1,791 votes; Miss Anne S. Needham, 1,695; Miss Mary Ledger, 1,616; Miss Margaret S. Young, 1,637; Miss Maria A. Carpenter, 1,575; and Miss Catherine E. Lane, 1,491. The proceedings were terminated by a vote of thanks to the chairman and scrutineers.

ON the Stock Exchange there is an absence of speculation. In the present absence of general transactions, and the restricted state of fluctuations, except in railway shares, this is not surprising. It is only speculators of the most adventurous kind that hazard any large amount of engagements in the latter, since there is not the least certainty in following business. The principal fluctuations are caused through orders from the provinces, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow having the credit of introducing the "attack" system on the several classes of railway stock. Lately another specimen was afforded in the pressure of sales of Lancashire and Yorkshire, which produced a fall of between 2 and 3 per cent., but nothing definite transpired to explain it, except the usual vague statements of the doubtful position of accounts, and the stock being above its intrinsic value. The great fear is that these repeated and successful attempts to affect property will, as in another case or two, stimulate nervous holders to effect bona fide sales, and if the stock comes to market, and few there are to be found, the inevitable result must be decline. Such is the distrust again springing up with respect to railway property that temporarily we may again have a change in the course of investment, and Consols and foreign securities will probably come once more into fashion. Banking and miscellaneous descriptions may also be selected with advantage, many good-paying bonds and shares having long been neglected. A favourable turn in the tide is sadly wanted by the brokers and dealers, who, one and all, acknowledge the very low point to which their commissions are gradually sinking. Although money is so abundant, it does not work out freely and encourage purchases, as it was supposed it would do after the payment of the dividends.



## PROVINCIAL.

At a late hour on Friday night the jury at Manchester found the five prisoners, Allen, Gould, Larkin, Maguire, and Shore, guilty of murder. On Mr. Justice Blackburn asking them what they had to say against the sentence of death being passed upon them, each prisoner delivered an harangue obviously intended to excite sympathy in the court and in the country.

The *United Service Gazette* understands that a court of inquiry is engaged in the investigation of matters connected with a financial crisis which has recently occurred in a certain cavalry regiment now stationed at Aldershot. One of the immediate results may be a statement in the *Gazette*, but there are revelations which, if made public, will throw a light on cavalry life which has long been wanting.

A singular development of Fenianism is reported from Manchester. A woman named McDonald is in custody charged with attempting to murder Daniel Connell, a policeman. The woman went to the shop (near the scene of the late rescue) of John Griffiths, who had given evidence against the men now under sentence of death, intending, according to her own statement, to shoot him. The policeman was passing by while she stood at the shop window, and spoke to her, upon which she followed, presented a pistol at his ear, and pulled the trigger. Fortunately it missed fire. Connell seized the pistol before it could be re-cocked, and took the woman to the station. The prisoner was brought before the magistrates, and remanded for inquiry into her antecedents.

It is with much regret we have to announce the sudden death of Mr. Joseph Ploverman, of Oxford, who expired from disease of the heart, on Saturday morning, aged 60. A coroner's inquest was held the same day before W. Brunner, Esq., when it transpired that the deceased gentleman, who had been ailing for some days past, was taken ill at an early hour on Saturday morning, and expired before medical assistance could be obtained, from "disease of the heart." The death of Mr. Ploverman will be deplored throughout Oxford and the neighbouring counties, where he was well-known and greatly respected. His connection with the press extended over a period of 40 years. He was possessed of literary abilities of a very superior kind, as his essays, articles, songs, &c., testify. He leaves a widow and three children to mourn his irreparable loss.

On Monday, at half-past eleven o'clock, the Royal pack of stag-hounds commenced the regular hunting season with the customary meet at Salt-hill, near Slough. On Tuesday the hounds met a small field at Sunningdale Station. They turned out a young deer near Mr. Noble's nursery, and he went over the hill pointing for Cobham, but being headed, he turned short back by the station, and went on nearly to Shrubs-hill. Then he took a short ring to the right, round Colonel Challenger's park, to the left into and through the Belvidere plantation, and over the road into Virginia Water. Swimming the lake near the fishing temple, and over Manor-hill, leaving Norfolk farm on the left, on by the lake into Windsor Park, near the keeper's house at Duke's-lane, and after running about the park for an hour and a quarter, where the hounds behaved remarkably well among hundreds of fallow deer, the animal was taken near Swan pond. Time altogether two hours.

At the Westbury-on-Severn weekly petty sessions three brothers, named Portlock, of the respective ages of eight, nine, and ten years, were brought up charged with attempting to upset a train on the Great Western Railway, near the Grange Station. The attempt had been made in the most deliberate and painstaking manner, the young miscreants breaking off a portion of the fencing on the slope of the line, and laying it across the rails, securing it in an upright position by means of stones piled on either side. The first train that happened to approach was a special goods, and just as it neared the obstruction, a foreman of platelayers, named Rusk, who was passing near the spot, perceived the danger; but though he used every exertion to get near enough to warn the driver, he was too late, and the train ran on at full speed. Fortunately the iron guard of the engine caught the hurdle and threw it off the rails, and the train passed on in safety. The magistrates deliberated for some time upon the propriety of sending the prisoners for trial; but ultimately they decided to deal summarily with the case, and ordered them to be imprisoned for fourteen days, and to be well whipped.

## BAD MANAGEMENT.

We have further confirmation of the accounts we lately published of the scandalous mismanagement displayed by the authorities on the occasion of the 1st Royals having to move out of cantonments owing to a virulent outbreak of cholera. One correspondent says:—Soldiers have in general an antipathy to parade their grievances in the public press, but this case is too monstrous, and we all trust that the blame may fall on the shoulders of the culpable, and that an inquiry may take place. There is no excuse. Six weeks ago we had several cases in the regiment, and the authorities had therefore timely warning to prepare for the regiment marching out, instead of which they have exposed them to a hot march (two men dying by the way), and hard work till midnight without refreshment or shelter; in addition, no transport was provided for the tressles and planks for the men's beds, nor could any be procured from the authorities, and had it not been for the energy of the officer commanding the Royal Artillery stationed at Nusserabad, the whole regiment (fever patients and all) would have passed the night after marching and working all day on ground saturated with an unusually heavy monsoon. This officer, on hearing of the difficulty, dismounted his limber boxes, turned out with his troop, officers and men, loaded the tressles and planks, and conveyed them to our camp, and to him is due the thanks that the regiment did not pass the night as above. It will scarcely be credited that it being deemed necessary to bring the women and children out also, the same scene occurred. Up to this time when I write the brigadier has not been near this camp. I am sorry to add the disease has just broken out in the Royal Artillery.

MR. COSTA AND THE CRITICS.—Who that remembers the manner in which Mr. Costa's "Eli" was criticised in the *Times*, when it was brought out at the Birmingham Festival in 1855, can doubt that personality was at the bottom of the severe remarks then passed upon a work which, in spite of the damage intended to be done to it, yet lives, and becomes more and more popular every time it is heard? At that time it was well known that Mr. Costa—having been assailed because the *Times*' critic had taken up the cause of Professor Bennett, in reference to the Philharmonic Concerts, out of which he did his best and worst to write Mr. Costa, and into which he certainly wrote Professor Bennett, who succeeded Herr Wagner, whom unfavourable criticism crushed—had preferred a complaint to the proprietors of the *Times*, not so much on his own account, as in behalf of the profession, of which he is no less a strenuous champion than an eminent member. Of late, however, Mr. Costa is no longer attacked as of yore—public approbation doubtless having been sufficiently strong to endorse the opinion of no less an authority than Meyerbeer himself, that he is "the greatest *chef d'orchestre* of the world," and to render the depreciation, at one time attempted by a portion of the press against him, innocuous. This, however, has not changed the tone of another journal, which, with unceasing pertinacity—evidently because of something unknown to the public being behind—continues on every occasion to carp at his direction of oratorios and operas, and to denounce whatever curtailments he may make, be they great or small, in works of considerable length, which, if they were given as written and played abroad, would detain audiences—if they would stay—long after midnight.—*Broadway*, No. III.

## FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE University of Michigan refused to admit women to the classes of the college or to any of its departments.

Six hundred negroes have engaged passages in the American Colonization Society's ship *Goconda*, to sail from Charleston, South Carolina, for Monrovia, on November 12th.

A CYCLONE has occurred at Calcutta, doing considerable damage to the shipping in the harbour, but no vessel was totally wrecked. Many buildings were damaged.

In the *Hôtel des Invalides* there are at present only 1,138 pensioners—officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers. The admissions diminish considerably every year. In 1862 they were nearly 5,000.

INTELLIGENCE from Mexico in the New York papers by the *Cuba*, states that Admiral Tegethoff has returned to Havannah from Vera Cruz, the Mexicans having refused to deliver up the body of Maximilian.

THE cholera, which has been severe in many up-country stations in the Bombay Presidency, had disappeared, but the disease in a virulent form has broken out again. Accounts from the indigo districts continue unfavourable. It is estimated that the crop will not reach 90,000 mannds.

THE first portion of the French army (the 29th regiment) which entered Rome was received silently and sullenly by a large crowd, but there was no openly hostile manifestation. All the French troops who have arrived at Civita Vecchia have disembarked. A proclamation to the Romans has been issued by General Failly, which says:—"The Emperor Napoleon sends an expeditionary corps to protect the Holy Father and the Pontifical throne against the attacks of bands of revolutionists. The French will respect the persons, customs, and laws of the Romans."

At the dinner given by the Emperor Napoleon to the Emperor of Austria, after Friday's review, the latter presented to his host Prince Leon Sapieha, a distinguished Pole of Galicia, where his political abilities and enlightened patriotism have made him deservedly popular. The Prince was dressed in the Polish national costume, in which he has since repeatedly appeared at Court, and the high favour with which he is received by the two Emperors has given rise to much speculation in political circles in Paris as to the part which the Poles may be called upon to play in the event of the Roman difficulty producing a European war.

THE Pontifical troops that left Rome on the entry of the French advanced towards Monte Rotondo, and on Sunday attacked the position of the Garibaldians. After some hard fighting Garibaldi was beaten, and his troops were obliged to retreat and take refuge behind the lines of the Italian army. Here they were disarmed. Garibaldi has been sent to the fort of Palmaria, near Spezzia. All the volunteers are abandoning the Papal States and returning to their homes. News comes from Paris that the Italian Government are about to withdraw their troops from the Pontifical territory; and that the Emperor Napoleon had intimated his pleasure to receive General La Marmora for the first time.

ADVICES from Madrid state that two young men, aged 20 and 21, named Moreno and Aguado, have just been executed at Madrid for a most atrocious crime. They lived with their parents in the garret of a house in which there resided a charitable lady named Dona Zardo, who frequently assisted her poorer neighbours with alms. On June 20 the two men went to her apartment during the absence of her husband and her servant, under the pretext of asking for charity, and on her opening the door they rushed on her, and, after gagging, criminally abused her, after which they murdered her and robbed the apartment. They were seen in the evening spending so much money that suspicion was excited, and the news of the murder having got abroad both were arrested on suspicion. In the end, when pressed with questions, they confessed their guilt. On the day of execution they showed great indifference, and died by the garrote without any emotion.

THE *Journal de Charleville* says:—"A Protestant minister recently went to preach at Pont-à-Celles. The first time he was not disturbed, the Catholic clergy not being aware of his presence; but on the following Sunday anathemas were launched at him from the pulpits of the latter. The population were invited to drive away the intruder who had come to disturb consciences which were enjoying the ineffable calm produced by the teaching of the Catholic priests. This exhortation produced its effect. When the minister returned the local brass band turned out to drown his preaching with its music. As, however, the minister continued, a singular stratagem was employed. Children were excited with strong liquors, and then whistles were distributed to them with which to create a noise. This was done, and there was witnessed the shameful spectacle of children intoxicated by persons who live by the Catholic Church to prevent the Word of Christ being heard from any other mouth than their own. In spite of this interruption 500 persons attended the sermon, among them being several members of the communal administration; their presence was sufficient to restore order."

THE advance brigade of the Abyssinian field force, under Colonel Field, of the 10th Native Infantry, left Bombay for Massowah on the 7th October. The vessels upon which the first force was embarked were the steamers *Arabia*, *India*, *Dalhousie*, and *Sir Bartle Frere*, and the ships *Star* of the North, *Atmosphere*, and *Hayden*. They took 53 officers, 1,081 men of all arms, 796 private and public followers, 339 horses, 47 mules, and 30 bullocks. On the following day, Tuesday, October 8th, the remainder of the advance brigade set out on board the steamers *Sattara* and *Ottawa*, and the ships *Mandalay* and *Queen of Australia*. This second force consisted of 19 officers, 347 men, and 650 followers, besides 128 horses, 411 mules, together with a quantity of forage, and about 32,000 gallons of water. This makes a total of 72 officers, 1,428 men of all arms, 1,446 private and public followers, 467 horses, 458 mules, and 30 bullocks. The troops composing this advance brigade departed in high spirits, and evidently eager to enter upon the martial work before them. Her Majesty's steamer *Satellite* is to assist in landing the troops and stores. A depot will be established at Massowah, and the advance brigade will probably march 60 miles into the interior of the country. Up to October 12th 25 vessels had been chartered for transport service by the Bombay Government. The second brigade of the Abyssinian force will leave Kurrachee about the 28th October; 1,800 mules have been bought in the Punjab for service in Abyssinia.

WINTER CRICKET.—The cricketing world will learn with pleasure that a means has been provided by which they will be enabled to enjoy their favourite sport all the year round, and shorn of but little of its *à fresco* attraction. In-door cricket has been commenced in the largest of the swimming baths of the Lambeth Baths, in the Westminster-road, under the auspices of Mr. G. Budd, and bids fair to succeed with the lovers of the game and with the public generally. "The Surrey and Canterbury Cricketing Saloon" occupies a space of 130 feet in length by 50 feet in width, so that ample room is afforded for batting and bowling practice. The foundation of the huge bath is of Portland cement, and when covered with very fine sawdust, yields an excellent bowling surface, which, being free from any irregularities of the turf, never causes the ball unduly to rise or jerk. At night the saloon is brilliantly lighted with gas. It is intended to continue practice till March, when the building will be required for bathing purposes. The temporary conversion of this gigantic bath for the purpose of the national game of cricket, causes no interruption to the ordinary autumn and winter bathing; and batters and bowlers can have a bath after their exercises.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAXWORK EXHIBITION. BAKER-STREET.—Madame Tussaud's exhibition of waxwork figures is one of those old world institutions which must speedily die out of sheer inanition. It is a relic of a bygone age. Its vitality has vanished, and were it not for the *Cattle Show* and our country cousins, it would have long ago ceased to be numbered amongst our London entertainments. Having filled a moderate sized room with wax figures which are at best indifferent portraits of a few great men, many inane Royal personages, and some nobodies, the proprietors of this antiquated and always over-rated show seem to think that they have done enough for its limited number of patrons, as we seldom hear of any new additions. Perhaps the room is full and will not hold any more, and there is not sufficient energy in the management to move elsewhere. Perhaps the figures are conservative, and object to change. It is possible that they, like the old-fashioned Tories, may wonder why people do not now think so much of them as when they were a questionable novelty. The Chamber of Horrors, essentially the creation of the brain of a morbid Frenchwoman, has been tolerated long enough. It always was repugnant to our English ideas, for we are unromantic enough not to care about what we may call an animated Newgate Calendar. Guillotines, gory throats, evil faces, lethal weapons, and the rest of the ghastly catalogue may be very well in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but Baker-street, staid and respectable, should purge itself of such atrocities. Madame Tussaud's does not keep pace with the times, and like many a better entertainment which held its ground longer, it must go at last, and we think we can already discern signs of incipient decay and speedy dissolution. We do not like laying the axe to the trunk of an aged and once virent tree, but when the boughs are withered and the sap dried up, it is a charity to call in the woodman.

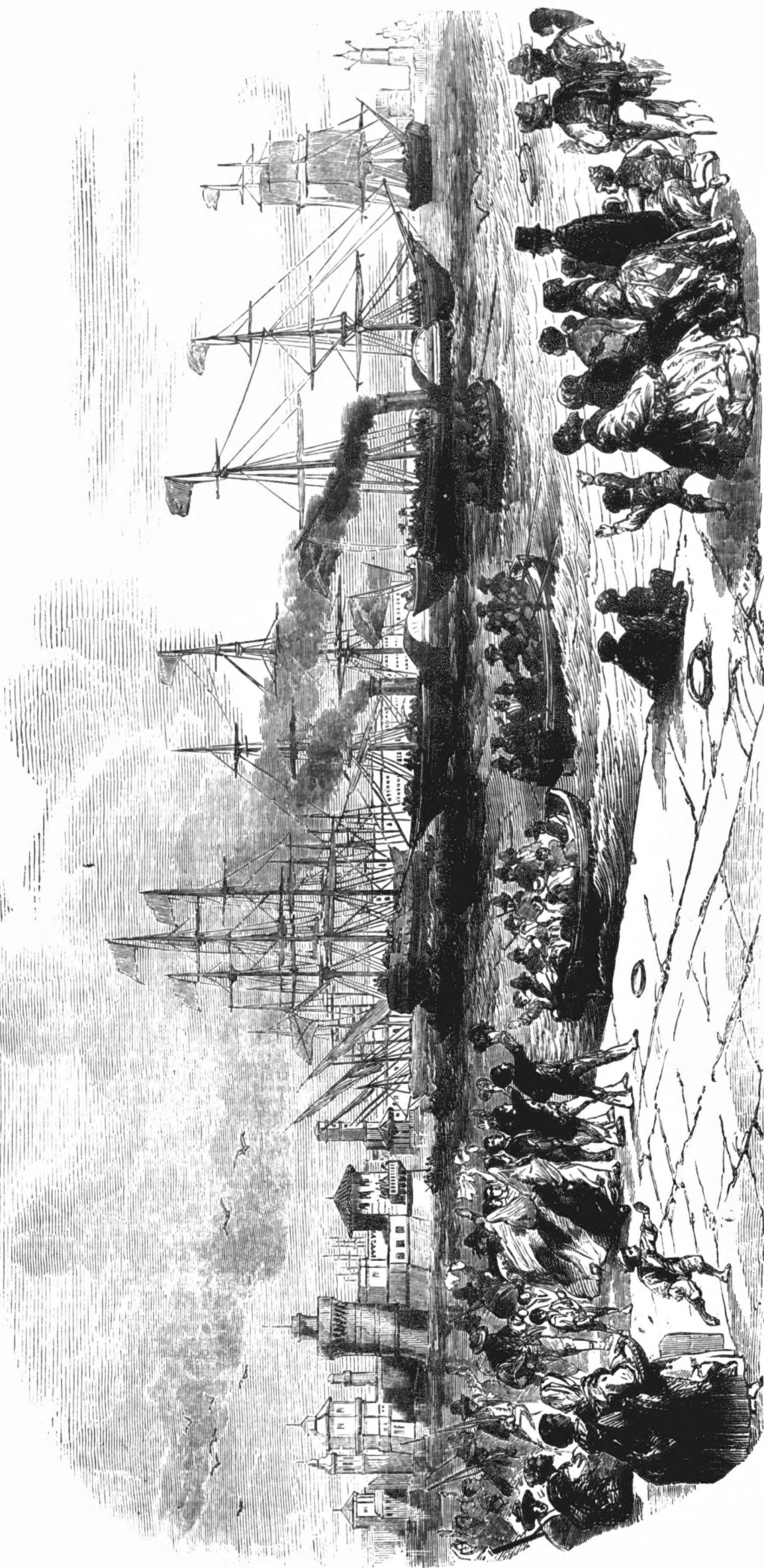
NEWEDELPHI.—*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*, which being interpreted anything, but literally may mean, "The taste of the public changes, and actors change also." Certainly it is startling to go to the Adelphi and see Miss Herbert and Mr. Belmore. Where is Toole, and where is Bedford? The former we are told has transferred his allegiance to Mr. Wigan; and the latter, alas! is buffooning it at a music hall. So glory passes away! Playgoers, however, have nothing to grumble at in the change. Mrs. Mellon, the directress of the Adelphi, has acted wisely in placing "Maud's Peril" before the public. It is an excellent play though Mr. Watts Phillips has founded it upon a French story, "Le Forçat," and had the honesty to admit the fact. The scenery, by Grieve and Sons, is rich and in keeping with the situations. Miss Herbert has studied the part of Maud perfectly. Her statueque appearance and careful delivery were never seen to greater advantage. Mr. Belmore's Toby Taperloy is deserving of great praise. There is a dry humour about it very entertaining, and a savage energy not at all exaggerated. Mr. Belmore will become one of the first actors on the London stage, as we have predicted from the first. Mr. Billington, as Sir Ralph, acted the part of a country gentleman as if born to it, and we cannot say more in his praise. "Maud's Peril" ought to have a long run. The drama is preceded by a comic piece, entitled "Man is not Perfect, nor Woman Either" (why not either?), in which Miss Woolger—how easily we write a familiar name!—is telling, though a little boisterous. Here again Mr. Belmore is effective, and Mr. C. H. Stephenson, as Mike Chissle, humorous and natural. "The School for Tigers" ended the programme. Shall we hint that the day for Mr. Mark Lemon's farce has gone by, though Mrs. Mellon (once more), as Tom Croft, was thoroughly enjoyable? Mr. Belmore was great as Panels, the latter impersonation is a capital piece of acting. We have seldom seen anything that has pleased us more. Under the new management the Adelphi will take a higher rank than it has done for some years. New and good scenery, dresses, &c., at this theatre are as pleasing as they are novel.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This theatre was opened by Mr. Mapleson for a brief season of Italian representations, the artists comprising nearly the whole of the *élite* of the Opera proper, the principals being Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Sinico, Madame Trebelli, Madame Demerici-Lablache, Mdlle. Baumeister, Signors Bettini, Gassler, Foli, Casaboni, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Tom Hobler. Two female singers, entirely new to the London public, have also been secured for the so-called "Autumn season"—Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, from the New York Academy of Music, and Mdlle. Clara Doria, from some of the principal cities in Italy. Of these we shall have to speak when they make their appearance. It is enough at present to say that Mdlle. Kellogg comes bearing high Transatlantic credentials, vocal and dramatic; and that Mdlle. Doria is Miss Barnett, a daughter of one of our most eminent lyric composers. The opera selected for the opening night was the popular but somewhat over acted "Lucrezia Borgia," Mdlle. Titiens of course assuming her celebrated character of the Duchess of Ferrara; Madame Trebelli sustaining the part of Maffio Orsini; Signor Bettini that of Genaro, Signor Gassler that of Duke Alfonso, the minor characters being in every instance well supported. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (attended by Colonel Keppel and Lieut.-Colonel Haig), their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, and their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar honoured the performance with their presence. There were also present the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Sir A. Warren, Mr. Currie, Colonel Dudley Carleton, &c.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Thereign of nonsense—of sheer, unadulterated, unpretending, but not unamusing nonsense—has again set in at the Haymarket. In other words, Lord Dundreary once more stammers and stutters, ciphers and sneezes, or tries to sneeze, does incredibly silly things, and says things still more incredibly silly—in fact, runs through the whole of that unique representation of stupidity pure and simple with which he was the first to make the British public familiar. The main features of the comedy are unchanged, but a good deal of fresh blyp has been introduced, among which (if our memory does not deceive us), must be included the country-dance and the song about Sam, which were not the least effective bits of the evening. Mr. Sothern is all that he ever was in the character of the simpering fop, and he still makes us, in spite of ourselves, laugh at absurdities the grossest that, perhaps, the stage has ever seen. The other characters in the piece were well played. Mr. Chippendale, as the drunken clerk of the swindling attorney, was particularly effective. The ladies have but little to do, but for the most part they did that little well. Miss Robertson as Georgina, and Miss Jane Burke as Mary Meredith sustaining their respective characters with considerable animation. Mr. Sothern and Mr. Raymond were both recalled after the curtain fell.

THE OXFORD.—The notable events of this popular place of amusement during the current week have been the revival of Offenbach's "Orphee aux Enfers," with the original "cast," and the re-appearance of the Oxford's reigning favourite, Miss Fitz Henry, after an absence of several weeks, caused by indisposition. The "Orphee" received on its re-production on with roars of laughter and most enthusiastic demonstrations of approval, has proved as attractive as it was some few years ago, when first presented to the London public by the zealous musical director, Mr. F. Joughmans, and seems likely to obtain a fresh lease of popularity. Miss Fitz Henry, who has returned with all her beautiful voice and prepossessing appearance, met with a most flattering welcome on the occasion of her re-entrance, and has since continued to delight the Oxford habitués nightly by her genial and artistic performances. "Orphee aux Enfers" is given every evening.





## BRIGHTON.

Not a very lovely theme, perhaps, but one that always rings pleasantly in the ears of a confirmed Cockney; for it means that he can take his beloved London away from the mud and fog, and plant it with himself in a sort of Neapolitan climate, within an hour and a half of his making up his mind, as he calls it, to "go out of town." Nor is he by any means unwise in his generation, for so long as a man is gregarious, and prone to take his pleasure and the air in good company, what pleasanter spot is to be found in October or November than this queen of watering places; and if nothing very new is to be said about her, surely we should find some consolation in the fact that there is no more agreeable or easy occupation than canvassing people and localities with which we are all familiar.

And who is there, that is anybody, who is not familiar with Brighton? Familiar with it under most aspects. Arriving, say a little before dusk, we spin along the Queens-road and down West-street, from the station on to the cliff, where the gay throng has not yet dispersed for its dinner. The sun, setting like a huge red water in the sea, the air calm,

or only just so much of it as to keep the smoke from overlapping the sea-front of the town; what a contrast we find to the murky atmosphere we left behind us but ninety minutes hence! Although the gas is lighted (the gas is always lighted in Brighton long before it is wanted), there is enough of the day still left to show us who is here, or rather who is not here; for if you do not meet Hob or Nob during the first twenty minutes you are in the place, you may be pretty sure that they are not here. — *Broadway, No. III.*

On Friday night a meeting was held at Teignmouth, ostensibly to take into consideration the high prices of bread and meat, but which terminated in a disgraceful riot. About eight hundred men, women, and boys of the lowest class assembled, and then paraded the streets, halting opposite the butchers' and bakers' shops, hooting, yelling, and window breaking. The police were unable to quell the disturbance, and the town for some hours was the scene of great disorder. Mr. Pike, the largest butcher, was the principal sufferer, his windows being broken, and his stock in trade damaged by squibs, crackers, and filth.

## PREPARATIONS FOR WAR ON THE CONTINENT—DEPARTURE OF TROOPS.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

"The Doge of Venice," produced here on Saturday evening, is one of those grand spectacular displays which have signalled the management of Mr. Chatterton in so remarkable a manner, and have gained for the theatre so much repute. But while providing a spectacle, however grand and diversified, the manager was desirous to combine legitimacy with pomp and splendour. The reception the new play met with leads to the conclusion that it will enjoy a long and prosperous career. Doubtless the lovers of Lord Byron will find fault with the manner in which the drama has been backed and hewn to suit the tastes and feelings of the modern public; but the magnificence of the scenery, the splendour and rich variety of the costumes, the dazzling character of the *mise en scene*, and, in some respects, the powerful acting, cannot fail to lend a very great attraction to the "Doge of Venice." The enthusiasm of the audience on Saturday night cannot be otherwise translated. Mr. Phelps was called for several times, Mr. Beverley was summoned forth twice during the evening, and the same compliment was paid to Mr. Chatterton, whose appearance on each occasion caused a perfect *furor*.

## ANOTHER WORKHOUSE SCANDAL.

The workhouse inquiry held by Mr. Graves and Dr. Edward Smith at Cheltenham was private, and its results have only transpired from a few statements of the Guardians and others. It appears from these, according to the *British Medical Journal*, that every one of the charges made known through Mr. Fleischman was substantiated; and the decision of the inspectors is said to involve a complete re-modelling of the workhouse, if not of re-building it entirely. Not only must the building, however, be changed, but the management must be altered; for notwithstanding the stir that has been made, other complaints crop up, indicating defects of government and the practice of jobbery. A Mr. Hale, visiting a sick patient wasting in consumption, found on the table a loaf of bread issued to him from the workhouse as relief, which presented "a dirty, coarse appearance, and was exceedingly offensive in smell." He sent a piece of it to Mr. Horsley, county analyst, who reported that it was badly kneaded and fermented, made of inferior materials, containing an excess of water, and "dirty withal." Its appearance and coarse smell made it uninviting to eat.



## THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN FRANCE.

A PARIS correspondent sends us the following:—"I passed to-day by the scene of the accident which occurred to the mail train from Calais to Paris on Sunday morning. It took place a little to the south of Creil, and about fifteen miles from Paris. When I passed it on my way here, the accident had taken place five or six hours. The dead and the wounded had then been removed; indeed, the latter were brought to the Station du Nord in Paris, screaming and groaning, about ten in the morning, and many were sent to the hospitals. I believe there were nine killed and about fifty more or less injured. But the debris of the train remained along the line to attest the disaster. It seems that an engine and tender were upon the up line, running at a moderate pace towards Creil, when the mail train from Calais, which had just passed Creil, ran into them in the midst of a thick fog, probably at a rate of thirty to forty miles an hour. The mail train was not before its time, and there was, therefore, no sort of excuse for the engine and tender, which were going down towards Calais, being on the up line. The consequence was that the two engines met as two engines hardly ever met before, and the concussion represented the combined velocity of both. I noticed the engines locked together, half reared in the air, several yards from the up line, and at the edge of the field which adjoins the railway. Many of the carriages which had broken away from the mail engine were entirely smashed. In the field, and on the other side of the railway hedge, were the seats and backs of two or three first-class compartments that had been torn away from their belongings. In another place lay the sides of second-class carriages, broken off from the rest of the woodwork; and in a ditch were what appeared to be the roofs of these carriages, with the relics of oil lamps, from which, of course, the glass had disappeared. Half on and half off the line were what one might, at first sight, take for damaged trucks; but, on a closer inspection, several of them, at least, turned out to be

## VIEW OF VENICE.

This "City of the Sea" has been so often sang and written about that very few words are necessary in introducing the view to our readers. We must, however, call attention to Mr. Beverley's series of Venetian scenes in the new spectacular piece at Drury Lane, called "The Doge of Venice." Our view of this part of the city will be immediately recognised in the more beautiful pictures which that great scenic artist has produced, far surpassing any thing of the kind before witnessed.

## PIUS IX., POPE OF ROME.

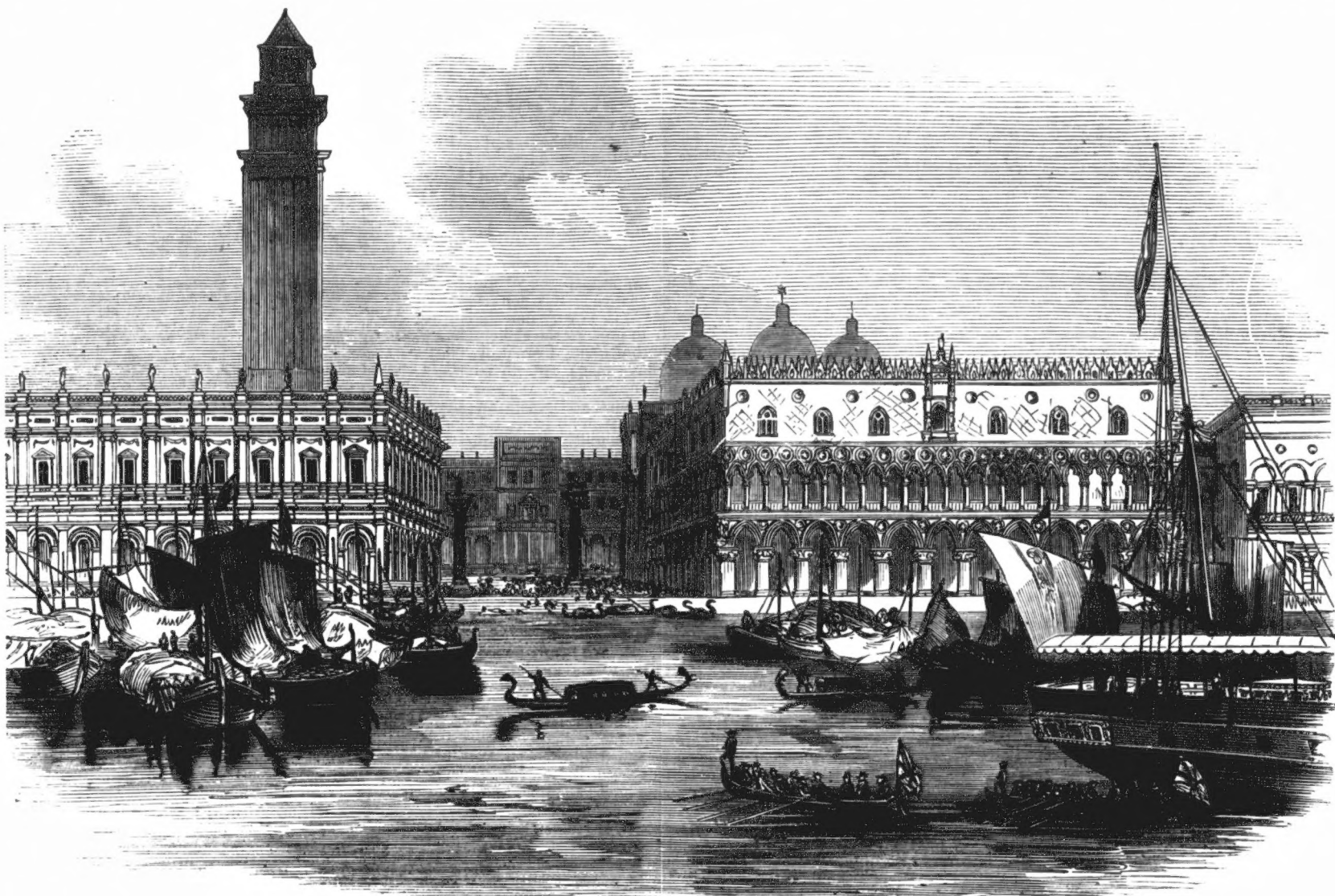
FOLLOWING up the large picture of Rome given last week, we now, in the present number, present our readers with a portrait of the present reigning Pope. Originally, he was named Giovanni M. Mastai Ferretti, and was born at Senegaglia in 1792. Although intended for the army, he chose the Church as his profession; and in the course of years, by his exemplary conduct, self-devotion, and ability in many offices he was called upon to serve, gradually attained the position he now occupies, which he has held since June, 1846. Two years after, the French Revolution shook the thrones of many European kingdoms. The Pope of Rome was not equal to the occasion, and, unfortunately for him, chose for his minister at the critical point, one of the most unpopular men in the city. This was Count Rossi, who was shortly afterwards assassinated, and the Pope escaped in disguise to Gaeta, whither he was followed by the Papal Court and the Diplomatic Corps, leaving Garibaldi and his troops in possession of Rome. France next interfered and, after a fierce resistance, re-captured the city. The Pope was recalled in 1850, and the French continued to occupy Rome until 1866. For the issue of pending events, we must refer our readers to the news part of our paper.

## THE PRICE OF FISH.

"PISCARIUS," dating from Arabella-row, writes to the *Times* to show good reason why fish is no dearer than it ought to be. He says that he has been giving lately £1 each for codfish at Billingsgate; but then the cod he buys at that magnificent price are "the perfection of fish," caught off the Faroe Islands in ninety fathoms water, 1,000 miles away at sea, as different from shallow water cod as "staggering bob" is from prime beef. Of such fish the supply is limited, and therefore its price is high. "Piscarius" admits, however, that the market is rarely without an abundant supply of some sort of first-rate fish, which ought to be sold cheap. But the difficulty householders experience is to discover what the cheap fish of the day is. On that point they are utterly at the mercy of the fishmongers. If we order beef or mutton or veal of our butcher, we know what he is charging for it from week to week; but if we order turbot or cod, or salmon or mullet of "Piscarius" and his brethren, it invariably happens that the particular fish we order was particularly scarce on the particular day we ordered it, and therefore particularly dear. An abnormally expensive dish of codfish is accounted for in Bond-street by the selfsame reason which accounts, on the selfsame day, for an abnormally expensive dish of mullets in Arabella-row, or an abnormally expensive dish of haddock in Whitehall. The fact is that more fish-markets are required. The trade is now concentrated and clogged at Billingsgate until it is at the mercy of a few powerful tradesmen who have no mercy on the public.

## A SULPHUR SHOWER NEAR LONDON.

THE other day one of our contemporaries published a singular story about a shower of sulphur at Thames Ditton. During the fall, it was said, a brilliant illumination was seen, and the descending drops coming in quick succession gave the appearance of long streaks of fire. The following morning sulphur was found on the



A VIEW OF VENICE.

the framework or bottoms of passenger carriages, of which the sides and the tops were lying either in the ditch or in the field beyond. Indeed, the smash was so complete that it seems inconceivable that anyone in these broken carriages could survive. Had the accident taken place four or five months ago, it would probably have greatly lessened the number of English visitors to the Exhibition. As it is I hope that a few, at least, of the great number of my idle fellow-countrymen whom I left behind me may be led to sacrifice a part of their time in cheering and assisting those among the sufferers who have no friends in Paris, but may still be obliged to remain there for a considerable time to come." Another correspondent writes:—"Mr. Reed, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, was one of the passengers in the mail train which met with such disaster on its way to Paris on Sunday morning. Happily he appears to have escaped with no worse injury than contusions and a severe shaking."—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

JOSEPH DIOB, billiard champion of America, has challenged the "champion of England" for the championship of the world.

BAD BLOOD—BAD BLOOD.—When the health begins to fail and symptoms of bodily decline are apparent, "THE BLOOD PURIFIER"—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA—alone can arrest the downward progress. It gives tone to the feeble pulse, flesh to the emaciated body, and strength and fresh blood to the declining system. Testimonials on each bottle from General Wm. Gilbert, of the Indian Army; the Hon. the Dean of Lismore; ordered also by the Apothecaries' Hall, London. Sold by all Druggists. CAUTION.—Get the red and blue wrappers, with the old Doctor's head in Centre. None others are genuine.—[ADVT.]

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

## STREET CABS.

By the new Act for the regulation of street cabs in London, which has just come into operation, cabs called off a stand will be entitled to one shilling for the first hiring—no matter how short the distance gone may be; if, however, they are hired off a stand, whilst "crawling" for fares, they will only be entitled, as before to sixpence a mile. The cab proprietors are much displeased at this, as it will tend to check the practice of "crawling," by which our already overcrowded streets are so much impeded, and on Wednesday last there was a meeting of the trade at the Cambridge Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street, to express disapproval at "being singled out and specially legislated for, without any necessity for such interference on the part of the Legislature." One cab owner deprecated being obliged to use lamps, another to having to provide a plain distinctive livery for his drivers, a third to being made in any way responsible for luggage left in his vehicles; and it was moved by Mr. Wellbeloved, and seconded by Mr. Goodwin, "That the clause in the Act relating to the shilling on the stand and sixpence off for the first hiring is a piece of legislation of no advantage to the trade, which will increase litigation between the public and the drivers." As the use of lamps tends to prevent accidents, the cab proprietors themselves should find their account in compliance with the law in this respect; but the authorities at Scotland-yard are unwisely supplying the cabmen with a plea for disobedience, if it is true, as is alleged, that they insist on the purchase of expensive lamps at a particular manufactory.

On Saturday night a fire occurred in Gravel-lane, Houndsditch, on the premises of Mr. Davis. He and his wife were out at the time, having previously put their children to bed. One of the boys was with much difficulty rescued, but the other could not be got out, and his remains were found on the extinction of the flames. The body was removed to the workhouse to await an inquest.

top of water lying by the roadside, and also on the contents of water-butts. Some of the water was preserved in bottles, and emitted quite a strong sulphurous smell when the cork was drawn. A correspondent supplies us with a very simple explanation of this phenomenon. In the grounds of a villa at one end of the village are a number of cedars, which at this time of the year bear a kind of catkin, in which is a quantity of yellow powder. In a certain state this powder is easily shaken out, and on the night in question the powder was blown out by the wind, and was scattered by the same agency over the adjacent parts of the village. This powder has a slightly resinous smell, which, with a little stretch of the imagination, may be called sulphurous. At Hampton Wick and Teddington, which were also visited by this odd shower, there are several cedars growing close by the road.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—Since the departure of the French fleet for Civita Vecchia unusual activity has been observed in the arsenals of Venice. The commandant of the artillery there has received instructions to arm all the forts and other works in the town and its vicinity as speedily as possible, and the gunpowder factories are busy day and night preparing ammunition. The naval arsenal is also employed on the preparation of materials for the outfit of men-of-war now lying in the harbour, which are to be placed in readiness to put to sea at a few hours' notice.

BEHIND THE TIMES.—Mr. Reuter's agent at Trieste does not appear to pay much attention to the age of the items of Indian intelligence which he telegraphs to the English public. The telegram of Calcutta news which he sent in anticipation of the Bombay mail contains, in most instances, intelligence which has already reached England by the preceding Calcutta mail. Out of the nine paragraphs in the telegram published, the details of at least six of them appeared in the Calcutta journals which were received on the 25th of October.



## THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S.—Italian Opera. Eight.  
 DRURY LANE.—The Doge of Venice—Faint Heart never won Fair Lady. Seven.  
 HAYMARKET.—The Winning Card—Our American Cousin—Perfection. Seven.  
 ADELPHI.—Man is not Perfect, nor Woman Either—Maud's Pail—The School for Tigers. Seven.  
 LYCEUM.—A Wonderful Woman—(At Eight). The Lady of Lyons. Seven.  
 PRINCESS'S.—A Little Flirtation—(At a Quarter to Eight). Arrah-na-Pogue—Number One Round the Corner. Seven.  
 OLYMPIC.—The Liar—If I had a Thousand a Year—The Two Puddifoots—Betty Martin. Seven.  
 ST. JAMES'S.—A Tale of Procida—(At Eight). A Widow Hunt—Fifteen Years of Labour Lost. Seven.  
 STRAND.—Neighbours—William Tell with a Vengeance—Our Domestic. Seven.  
 NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Double Marriage. Seven.  
 HOLBORN.—For Love—(At Nine). Mary Turner. Seven.  
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Caste—Allow me to Explain. Half-past Seven.  
 NEW ROYALTY.—Meg's Diversion—(At Half-past Nine) The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Mrs. White. Half-past Seven.  
 ASTLEY'S.—That Rascal Jack—Mazeppa—Middy Ashore. Seven.  
 NEW SURREY.—Nobody's Child—(At a Quarter to Eight). A Curse for the Fidgets. Seven.  
 NEW EAST LONDON.—The Last Moment—The Crown Prince.  
 BRITANNIA.—The Fifth Act of Richard the Third—Break, but not Bend—Guy Fawkes, and a Grand Display of Fireworks.  
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—New Comic Ballet and Scenes in the Arena—The Brothers Daniels—The Eccentric Clowns—The Kings of the Carpet—Fillis's Trick Horse, Zalotol—Airee's Thrilling Aerial Act. Eight.

## THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—PAYMENT REQUIRED.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street; Royal Academy; British Institution; Society of British Artists; Water Colour Societies; Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street; Thames Tunnel; Tussaud's Waxwork, Baker-street Bazaar; Zoological Gardens.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

JAMES PERKINS.—We know of nothing but washing your hands in alum and rubbing with bran afterwards.

EDGAR.—An interview with the publisher would be better.

O. O.—There is a thread of metal among the threads of cotton.

E. G.—Can purchase iodine ointment cheaper than he can make it.

WISCONSIN.—In 1844.

MENTOR.—Linnaeus was born in Sweden, 1707; died 1778. He was a celebrated physician and botanist; his discoveries in that science have immortalized his name: Cæsalpinus revived the taste for botany; Alpin, an Italian, discovered the sexual difference of plants, and it remained for Linnaeus to class them accurately; the botanical works of this great man are numerous: he traversed Lapland for the purpose of enlarging his scientific of seoveries, and published an account of his tour.

## The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

## THE PRICE OF MEAT.

ANIMAL food is a necessity in the present day, and the gradually increasing price of butcher's meat is a very serious matter. People with limited incomes, and their name is legion in this country, are making an outcry against the butchers, and the question arises, Are the butchers to blame for the starvation prices now paid for meat? It is undeniable that where one person ate meat fifty years ago, more than a hundred do now. Does the supply continue equal to the demand? As the consumption increases so ought production, and we are willing to admit that this is so. Why then are we overcharged? For we are overcharged by the butchers. Of course it is the interest of every man to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, and the retail butchers having a valid excuse during the cattle plague to charge more than usual, have so far studied their own interests as to maintain the famine charges of last year. But though meat ought to be much cheaper, the profits of the butcher are not so great as is represented. If we can buy mutton for sixpence a pound or less in Newgate and Leadenhall markets, it does not follow that our suburban butcher ought to make a similar charge. He has house rent to pay, a horse and cart to keep, for there are no house-wives now, most ladies insist upon a tradesman calling for orders, they are too grand to go into a shop, inquire the price, haggle, if necessary, and choose the prime parts. This is what should be done. We hear that Her Majesty the Queen has intimated to the Royal purveyor that she will not pay more than eightpence halfpenny for the best mutton. This is setting a good example to her subjects. If the inhabitants of a certain district were to combine and inform the butchers in the neighbourhood that they would not pay more than a certain fair and ample remunerative price for meat, and "strike" if their offer was refused, that is buy meat in town, or

go without for a few days, the tradesmen would be forced into submission. It is pleasant to see, from a case which was decided on Saturday last at Worship-street, that the London butchers, although silent, are not unmoved at the general outcry which is raised against their high charges. Henry Wooster, a provision merchant, carrying on his business in Brick-lane, Spitalfields, has for some weeks past excited the ill-will of the butchers of that locality by underselling them. In order to annoy their rival and his customers, some half-dozen of the trade filled a carriage with rough music, and on the 19th ult. drove it up and down Brick-lane, persisting in turning the vehicle round before Wooster's shop, which is in the narrowest part of the lane, and at last actually drove the pole into the defendant's premises, upsetting a lamp filled with naphtha over his meat, and nearly crushing his wife against the counter. Upon this Wooster seized an instrument known as "the butcher's long arm," and dealt the driver of the carriage a heavy blow upon his hand; for which act of just and necessary vigour he was summoned before Mr. Newton. The assault was not denied, but as it was clearly shown that it had been caused by the outrageous conduct of the complainant, Wooster was let off with a fine of one shilling, without costs. Bendall, the chief gaoler of the court, came forward and testified that the defendant was a most respectable tradesman, that his meat was excellent, and that he was in the habit of selling it 2d. a pound less than the price charged by the Spitalfields butchers. This is a tyranny and intimidation which ought to be put down with a high hand. These Spitalfields' butchers were robbing their customers of twopence in the pound, an enormous percentage. The victim of their resentment saw his way to charging less, and yet making a profit, and this might be done by all butchers. Let us look at the case from a butcher's point of view. He may say, "In London there are something like 2,000 master butchers, and if that is not sufficient to cause competition, and keep the retail price at a proper figure, I cannot see what will; each competing with his neighbour to do the most business. Of course, meat can be bought at any price, according to the quality—for instance, such quarters of beef as those sometimes seized in Newgate-market, will illustrate the quality of meat for sale, which, should it not meet the eye of the inspector, is disposed of and consumed in London; therefore justice is not done to the 'West-end butcher,' who has to rise every morning between three and four o'clock, to procure the choicest and best of qualities, and pay high prices. I can prove that quarters of Aberdeen beef have made 8½d. to 9d. per lb. in Newgate-market, and rumps, loins, and ribs, 9½d. to 10d. per lb., with all the suet and waste on; therefore the butcher is not getting such an exorbitant profit as it is represented, many families consuming very little else than the prime cuts of sirloins and ribs of beef, with all the suet taken out and the tops cut off, not thinking of the loss to the butcher, and every joint of meat losing from a ½ to ¾ lb. by hanging, which, of course, adds to the price, and leaves the butcher a mere margin of profit, as the prices he purchases at are for 'ready cash.'" This looks very well, until it is analysed, but it must be remembered that a penny in the pound, supposing the butchers to buy at eightpence and sell at ninepence, is sixteen per cent., let him sell at tenpence, and he has upwards of thirty per cent. profit, which is very large at present. We firmly believe that some butchers make from fifty to sixty per cent. That we may be guilty of no injustice, we will print the following statement of a Berkshire grazier, who says:—"A great deal of nonsense has lately been written, and a vast amount of ignorance displayed on the meat question. I have occupied a considerable grazing farm in one of the best districts in the vale of Berks for nearly twenty years, and have had much to do with butchers and salesmen in live fat animals. If I had for sale a lot of very prime oxen, or maiden heifers, or wether sheep, I should send them 'up the road' to Reading, Southall, or London; if cows or old ewes, then I should sell them at home to country butchers. Now, I have lately sold a lot of beautiful maiden heifers at 5s. per stone, and some very good heifers, which have had only one calf, at 4s. 6d. per stone. Now, recollect, these prices are for the whole beast, and then look at the bullock when cut. You would not like to eat any part except the first or second ribs, loin, round, or rump; but look at the great shoulders, brisket, neck, &c. I have often wondered how the butchers got rid of all this heavy mass, which no gentleman or tradesman cares to have. I have lived a long life in the country, but I know that you cannot get anywhere, at any price, such chops and steaks, and saddles of mutton, as you can in London." Very well. So much for the Berkshire grazier; but do we get the best meat for our money?—and if we do, what becomes of the inferior meat? It is to be presumed that butchers sell two qualities of meat. Let them tell their customers so, and the customers can please themselves. If it is true that the very best meat cannot be sold at a cheap rate, let a portion of the public have that which is not so highly fed, and which may not be so much inferior after all, that is to say, if they like to buy it and their purses will not allow them to buy any other. The oyster famine is a case in point. Whitstable natives are two-and-three and two-and-sixpence a dozen, but very good Rochester oysters may be had for a shilling and one-and-fourpence. If the butchers would classify their joints, they would be able to offer for sale good sound meat at a cheap price, and still continue to supply fastidious rich customers with the very best parts of a well-fed animal at the present prices. This arrangement would be better than charging an enormous price for joints which are presumably not worth the money.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

## WORKING MEN IN PARLIAMENT.

THE best of the working men might be of use in Parliament, but then the best of them are in a chrysalis state, just on the eve of breaking their shell and becoming something else. Then, working men are jealous, and not likely to combine in proclaiming the superiority of any of their own class by conferring the dignity of M.P. upon them. Lastly, they are on the whole better inclined to receive handsome honorariums from rich candidates than to club their own earnings for the support of poor candidates; and rich candidates will never cease out of the land so long as there are poor electors in it.—*Saturday Review*.

## THE FINANCE OF THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

With regard to the question whether India should pay for the Indian troops in the Abyssinian expedition, we propose a simple test to which, in all ordinary cases, we can submit the propriety of our own conduct in any operation calling for Indian assistance. Are we asking more than would be conceded if the Viceroy were the head of a separate but cordially allied State? Clearly such a state, if it helped us at all, would ask aid in the matter of transport, and possibly reimbursement for all extra charges, but it would pay the salaries of its own troops. It would not reduce them to the position of mere mercenaries, or ask us to make a grant in direct relief of its own customary budget. The Abyssinian quarrel is an Indian interest, and India is not going to lose, but merely to employ, a portion of her strength. It is distinctly for her advantage that her Government should be considered throughout Asia, and on both coasts of the Red Sea, too powerful for insult or annoyance, too strong to be provoked into the necessity of exhibiting its strength. She is the greatest of the Asiatic Powers, and the position brings her a security worth large expenditures of cash, which, nevertheless, are not in the case supposed to be demanded. She is merely asked to transfer part of her garrison from cantonment duty to the much better education of active service, and she responds only too heartily. It will be needful, of course, to define the share payable by the Indian Treasury with some rigour, but to throw on it some share does not appear unjust. We suggest that twopence added to the income tax and a slight increase in the spirit duties will yield the Treasury ample funds, and give just that warning to all men that war is costly which is necessary to make them consider well before they undertake it.—*Spectator*.

## MR. DISRAELI AT EDINBURGH.

Let us analyze Mr. Disraeli's five points. The first point, that any reform to be satisfactory should be a complete and comprehensive measure is not exclusively his, but belongs to statesmen of all schools and all parties. The second, third, and fourth points form but one single declaration of his principle of enfranchisement, which is this: The rural representation is to be further strengthened by preventing the disfranchisement of any existing small borough, and at the same time by weeding out the urban population. The so-called fifth point is a simple untruth; it asserts that for seven years Mr. Disraeli was inculcating on his party that rating should be the basis of the borough franchise. If by "rating" Mr. Disraeli means "rateable value," it is not true that the franchise of his bill depends upon such value. Every rated house of whatever value confers the franchise. If by rating he means ratepaying, it is not true that he has taught this principle for seven years. He had not even adopted it on the 11th of February this year, when he clearly contemplated not a ratepaying franchise, but a rateable value franchise, as is demonstrated by his reference to his bill of 1859, and to the measures of Mr. Hunt and Mr. Villiers, which had nothing whatever to do with personal ratepaying, but only tended to correct the anomalies in the calculation of rateable value. It was not till the 18th of March that he asserted the demonstrable untruth that by rating he had meant ratepaying. The five points are thus reduced to one—to one solitary plea for the more ample representation of the least educated and least political class of Englishmen—the rural population.—*Chronicle*.

## THE ROMAN QUESTION.

Although Napoleon for dynastic reasons has resolved to put down the revolution, he gives a sort of pledge to democratic France that afterwards the turn of the Pope is to come. And a change for the Pope obviously means a change for the worse. As the Pope will not assent to a Congress, none can well be held; and the entire responsibility of any new settlement of the Roman question will rest on France. The most obvious course is to patch up things for the present, by taking away another large slice of the Papal territory. The Italian Government could certainly restrain the revolution better if there were not such a large extent of the Papal territory for revolutionists to operate in. This would not dispose of the main difficulty for long, but it is perhaps the kind of temporary solution which would best suit the Emperor for the moment.—*Saturday Review*.

## THE HILLSBOROUGH MEETING.

As a display of the social forces enlisted on the side of the temporalities of the Established Church in Ireland, the Hillsborough meeting must be pronounced a failure. In numbers the demonstration was greatly inferior to the meeting of 1834. From a table printed by a Belfast contemporary, it appears that out of thirty-three noblemen connected with Ulster, four attended the demonstration; and that none of the Lord-Lieutenants, and only one of the high sheriffs of counties, none of the bishops or deans of the Established Church, only seven out of twenty-eight members of Parliament, and fifteen out of about a hundred and seventy lieutenants of the province, were present. The majority of those who stayed away probably agreed with the feeble minority that came in theoretic opinion. But the failure of the demonstration in point of numbers shows that though the Protestants of Ulster do no doubt dissent from the policy of dis-establishment, there is not among them a sentiment which would prevent them from frankly and peacefully acquiescing in any settlement upon which the people and Parliament of the United Kingdom should determine. Another circumstance is not less noteworthy. The heroes of the meeting of 1867 were, with few exceptions, the veterans of 1834, men who may be excused for dwelling in the recollections, and vainly seeking to repeat the triumphs of the past, without much regard for the changed condition of the present age. The younger mind and fresher energies of the various Protestant churches had scarcely any representatives.—*Daily News*.

## FRANCE AND ITALY.

The advance of four Italian divisions upon the Papal territory has evidently taken the Parisian public, though probably not the Imperial Government, by surprise. Deliberately, and on no other provocation than has hitherto been given, we cannot suppose either of the two Governments capable of the madness of going to war. Far more probable is it that they have agreed to act together. The expedition to Civita Vecchia, no matter what purpose it may be intended to answer, was the first overt and voluntary breach of the non-intervention. The September Convention was at an end for the time, and the Italian Government was plainly justified in placing itself in a position to hold its own in the contingency of any future negotiation. In the meanwhile the drama draws near its development. The French troops have arrived in Rome; the Italian army is also advancing "to protect the rights and to assure the destinies of the Roman population." It would be impossible for the Italian Government to hold bolder or more explicit language. Whatever Italy is overrunning the Pope is not likely ever to get back. The Italian movement, however, seems to stop



on the borders of the Roman Comarca. Garibaldi himself has returned to Monte Rotondo. There he confers with the envoys of the Italian Government. He listens; therefore he will yield. The volunteers withdraw within the lines of the Royal army. From the day of the King's advance there is only one army in the field; in the whole Peninsula there is only one people. The threatened conflict seems to be for the present averted, and leisure is gained for negotiation. Upon the re-establishment of peace and silence the real question must be brought to a permanent solution. The temper itself of the Pontiff and the style of his late Encyclical letter preclude all possibility of a compromise with him. For the last eight years the Holy Father has had to accept, without recognizing, accomplished facts. Now, too, he will say "Non possumus" to thecession of Viterbo, Frosinone, and Velletri. Before long he will be equally restive against the fate which bids him be satisfied with the Vatican and a garden. But events must take their course for all that. A thing must either be or not be, and the temporal power is one of those things that have long since ceased to exist otherwise than in the fond conceit of Pius IX. and a few of his fanatic Ultramontane advisers.—*Times*.

#### FAREWELL DINNER TO MR. DICKENS.

A COMPANY of between four and five hundred gentlemen, among whom were included an immense number of names in art, science, law, medicine, literature, and (though in a less degree) politics, assembled at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday evening, to wish Mr. Dickens a prosperous voyage to America, and to bid him a hearty farewell. The banquet was in the new hall, which was decorated for the occasion in a manner at once original and appropriate. The walls of the hall offered twenty large blank panels, and it was the felicitous idea of Mr. C. Kent (the hon. secretary) to have inscribed, in each of these panels, the title of one or other of those masterpieces of fiction which will preserve the name of Dickens as long as our language or literature exists. If the idea was a happy one, it was carried into effect with a zeal and energy that nothing could tire; and though only three days were at the command of Messrs. Green and King (the decorators) they accomplished the task in a way that left nothing to be desired. Each of the panels was entirely re-coloured; borders of laurel-leaves on deep red ground, were run round them; and on the arch top of each panel, inscribed in gold letters, was the name of some one or other of Mr. Dickens's novels. The most superb effect of decorative art could not have produced half the effect of this simple but eminently felicitous mode of at once commemorating the occasion of the banquet and complimenting the illustrious guest in whose honour it was given.

Lord Lytton, the chairman, after an eloquent speech, proposed "A prosperous voyage, health, and long life to our illustrious guest and countryman, Charles Dickens."

The company rose as one man to do honour to the toast, and they drank it with such expressions of enthusiasm and goodwill as are rarely to be seen in any public assembly. Again and again the cheers burst forth, and it was some minutes before silence was restored.

Mr. Dickens (whose rising was the signal for a fresh round of applause) proceeded to acknowledge the toast. He spoke with deep emotion. He said—My lords, ladies, and gentlemen: No thanks that I can offer to you can express my sense of my reception by this great assemblage, or in the least suggest to you how deeply the glowing words of my friend, the chairman, and your acceptance of them, have sunk in my heart (cheers); but both combined have so greatly shaken the composure that I am used to command before an audience, that I hope you may observe in me some traces of an eloquence more expressive than the richest words. (Loud and continued cheering.) To say that I am fervently grateful to you is to say nothing. To say that I can never forget this beautiful sight is to say nothing. To say that it brings upon me a rush of emotions, not only in the present, but in the thought of its remembrance in the future by those who are dearest to me, is to say nothing. But to feel all this for the moment, even almost to pain, is very much indeed. Mercutio says of the wound in his breast dealt by the hand of a foe:—"Tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough; 'twill serve." I may say of the wound in my breast, newly dealt to me by the hands of my friends, that it is deeper than the soundless sea and wider than the whole Catholic Church. (Cheers and laughter.) And I may safely add that it has for the moment almost stricken me dumb. I should be more than human—and I assure you I am very human indeed—if I could look upon this brilliantly representative company and not feel greatly thrilled and stirred by the presence of so many brother artists, not only in literature, but also in the sister arts—especially painting—amongst whose professors, living and dead, are many of my oldest and best friends. I hope that I may without presumption regard this thronging of my brethren around me as a testimony on their part that they believe that the cause of art generally has been safe in my keeping (loud cheers), and that they think it has never been falsely dealt with by me. (Continued applause.) Your resounding cheers would have been but so many cruel reproaches to me if I could not here declare that from the earliest days of my career down to this proud night I have always striven to be true to my calling. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Never unduly to assert it on the one hand, and never under any pretence or for any consideration to permit it to be patronised in my person on the other, has been the steady endeavour of my life; and I have occasionally been vain enough to hope that I may leave its social position in England better than I found it. (Loud cheers.) Similarly, and equally I hope without presumption, I trust that I may take this general representation of the public here, through so many orders, pursuits, and degrees, as a token that the public believe, notwithstanding the imperfections on my head, that I have, as a writer, on my soul and conscience striven to be as true to them as they have ever been to me. And here in reference to the inner circle of the arts and the outer circle of the public I feel it a duty to-night to offer two remarks. I have in my day at odd times heard a great deal about literary acts and cliques, and coteries and barriers, and about keeping that man down, and about sworn disciples and sworn unbelievers, and mutual admiration societies (laughter), and I know not what other dragons in the upward path. I began to tread it when I was very young, without influence, without money, without companion, introducer, or adviser; and I am bound to put in evidence in this place that I never lighted upon those dragons yet. (Loud cheers.) So have I heard in my day, at divers other odd times, much generally to the effect that the English people had little or no love of art for its own sake, and that they do not greatly care to acknowledge or do honour to the artist. My own experience has been uniformly exactly the reverse. (Loud cheers.) I can say that of my countrymen, though I cannot say that of my country. (Cheers.) And now, gentlemen, passing to the immediate occasion of your doing me this great honour, the story of my going to America is very easily and briefly told. Since I was there before a vast and entirely new generation has arisen in the United States. Since that time, too, most of the best known of my books have been written and published. The new generation and the books have come together and have kept together, until at length numbers of those who have so widely and constantly read me, naturally desiring a little variety in the relations between us, have expressed a strong wish that I should read myself. (A laugh.) This wish, at first conveyed to me through public as well as through business channels, has gradually become enforced by an immense accumulation of letters from private individuals and associations of individuals, all expressing in the same hearty, homely, cordial, unaffected way a kind of personal affection for me (loud cheers), which I am sure you will agree with me that it would be downright insensibility on my part not to prize, (Cheers.) Little by little this pressure has become so great that,

although, as Charles Lamb says, "My household gods strike a terribly deep root," I have driven them from their places, and this day week, at this hour, shall be upon the sea. You will readily conceive that I am inspired besides by a natural desire to see for myself the astonishing progress of a quarter of a century over there—to grasp the hands of many faithful friends whom I left there—to see the faces of a multitude of new friends upon whom I have never looked—and, though last not least, to use my best endeavours to lay down a third cable (loud cheers) of intercommunication and alliance between the old world and the new. Twelve years ago, when, Heaven knows, I little thought I should ever be bound upon the voyage which now lies before me, I wrote in that form of my writings which obtained by far the most extensive circulation, these words about the American nation:—"I know full well that whatever little moles my beamy eyes may have described in theirs that they are a kind, large-hearted, generous, and great people." (Cheers.) In that faith I am going to see them again. In that faith I shall, please God, return from them in the spring, in that same faith to live and to die. (Loud and continuous cheers.) My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, I told you in the beginning that I could not thank you enough, and Heaven knows I have most thoroughly kept my word. If I may quote one other short sentence from myself, let it imply all that I have left unsaid and yet deeply feel; let it, putting a girdle round the earth, comprehend both sides of the Atlantic at once in this moment. As Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us every one!" (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Dickens resumed his seat amid repeated rounds of cheering, and was evidently affected by the character of the reception given to him.

When the proceedings ended, numbers of personal friends pressed round Mr. Dickens as he left the hall and cordially wished him a safe voyage and a speedy return.

#### REMUNERATIVE WORK.

AT the present time we hear from all sides, especially from women, the cry for employment, and, in the vast majority of cases, for employment that shall be remunerative. Even women who live at home are anxious to increase the portion that has fallen to them; and, in addition to these, there is the increasing number of persons to whom the necessity for paid work is the necessity for daily bread.

It has become almost wearisome to hear repeated the statement that so few occupations are open to women. The efforts that are being made to open up to them other modes of earning money than the few which are as yet recognised, are constantly being hindered and frustrated both by men and women. Men object (and the objection is perfectly natural) to educate women so that they can be admitted into trades, which have been hitherto closed to female labour. They fear to increase the already hard pressure for what work there is to do. Here and there, however, it has been found possible, to induce men to promise to give women and girls such instructions as would render them capable of earning money in trade or business. Under these circumstances there arise the difficulties made by women. First of all come those that are the result of the imperfect preparation for the undertaking of any new work which seems characteristic of the training, or, perhaps, we should be more accurate in saying the non-training, of girls. Then comes the dislike of attempting anything new and peculiar, which often causes women to suffer minor martyrdoms rather than do what they imagine would outrage the notions of social propriety entertained by the small circle to which they belong. There is, too, the fact, not to be ignored, that women who require remunerative employment frequently are forced into the search for it when they are no longer in their first youth, when the difficulty of learning a new mode of existence is increased by the fact that there are habits to leave off as well as others to acquire, and when—saddest of all—there is perhaps no longer much gleam of hope in the life-prospects but rather a dull grey uniformity of constraining necessity.

Under these circumstances the attention of women who wish to add something to their incomes, is apt to be directed to advertisements, which promise must pay in return for work requiring no particular skill. Such traps to catch the unwary are by no means difficult to find. Their frequency is a proof of the success which attends the efforts of unprincipled persons to extract for themselves a living out of the already too scanty allowances of the needy. There are but few papers in which, at one time or other, will not be found tempting offers of work, easy to do, constantly required, and highly paid. The work proposed differs in kind, but is generally said to require taste, and this condition seems to add to the attractions of the bait.

Some years ago, a lady whom we knew, went through a whole round of such advertisements. She found that in every case, after the sending of the stamped envelope which opens the communications, there was a demand made for a sum of money, varying from half-a-crown to a guinea, as preparatory to the initiation of the candidate into the penitential of the mysteries. This being paid, sometimes no farther reply resulted; but in the majority of cases, something was proposed, which either involved considerable outlay or was of such a nature as could result in no possible return, or perhaps was utterly impracticable.

The inquiries made by this lady were instituted solely for the amusement of herself and her friends; but there are too many women, who answer similar advertisements in the hope of really deriving some benefit from them. Of course, the result is invariably disappointment and loss to the foolish person who has believed that, with no skill or experience on her part, she can put herself into the position of receiving considerable sums of money—a position which people generally attain only through long experience and hard work.

The particulars of a case of this sort were made known at the Mansion House, last Saturday. A person, calling himself John Green, Esq., and giving the address of Post-office, Bedford, or Cople, near Bedford, advertised that he wants "persons of either sex to do fancy work at their own homes," for which they will receive from "one to eight guineas per week." A lady, who answered the advertisement, was informed that the art was "Tinting by Reflection," that it would doubtless be in great demand as a Christmas novelty, and that full instructions and materials would be sent on receipt of five shillings. The money was sent, and the "instructions and materials" were returned to the lady in the following form:—"Madam.—Herewith I enclose you materials and instructions. The materials will be renewed whenever you ask for them.—JOHN GREEN. Draw twenty-four little and very ludicrous Chinese figures (making them from a scene) on each sheet of prepared paper. Cut them each three-parts out with a knife." The enclosure called the "materials" was five half-sheets of small note-paper perfectly plain.

Now and then the circumstances of such a swindle as that recounted above are brought before the public by some one who is brave enough to avow that she has let herself be made a fool of, and who wishes others to profit by the warning she offers. That such benevolent intentions are frustrated by the desire to make money is to be lamented, partly on the ground that women can be so thoroughly unaware of the fact that unskilled labour of any kind must necessarily bear a low rate of value, and can never, except in swindling schemes, be represented as worthy of which one; and more on account of the sad condition of things of which a glimpse is afforded to us, of the many women to whom daily existence is a painful struggle, and who would gladly adopt any honourable plan, however unpromising it might appear to be, of increasing their limited means of subsistence.—*Queen*.

## FUN OF THE WEEK.

### PUNCH.

THE ROUND OF PLEASURE.—The "trottoirs" step waltz. "If NAP KNOWS IT."—The latest news from Italy makes it pretty certain that for the present at least Rome is "Not for Joseph"—Garibaldi.

A SYLLABIC ARGUMENT.—The "Athenaeum" speaks of "three riding Cantatas" by three different musical composers. Ought not these works to be called Canter-tatas?

PRACTICAL JOKING.—It's too bad of Flarrup, because he ought to know better; but he goes as if "A young Man from the Country," to have his photograph taken, manages to make the operator dissatisfied with the first half-dozen, and then—making a great pretence of being very careful this time—keeps a sharp look-out, and directly the poor man removes the cap from the lens, drops his hat, and rubs his nose as if greatly relieved, and asks, innocently, "If it's all over yet, sir?"

CUB-HUNTING.—Young Bantam: "Well, Guv'nor, if this is yer 'Unting, I'm off. Why, there ain't a Cub in the Cover!" Whip: "Oh, ain't there? What a pity! Well, I knows a man as has seen one out."

EUPHEMISM EXTRAORDINARY.—A lawyer of our acquaintance who has acquired great skill in conducting an election, declares that in the course of his canvassing experience he never heard a bribe even distantly alluded to, excepting by the synonym of a "votive offering."

A THOUGHT ON THE KNIFE-BOARD.—The truth is sometimes told unintentionally. For instance when one sees "Poor Humanity" on an omnibus!

### FUN.

WINES AND SPIRITS.—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Star* announces the approaching marriage of Home, the spiritualist, and Madame Most, "the champagne widow." We are glad to hear that Home has adopted so respectable a trade, and that henceforth his dealings in "Cham"—with a "c" instead of an "s"—will be of a nature we need not deprecate.

COMMENDED TO THE NOTICE OF THE BOARD OF INLAND REVENUE.—How did Mr. Thomas Carlyle shoot Niagara?—With a poetical license.

BAGGED.—A correspondent writes to complain of the growing tendency to slang, and instances the following advertisement aproof of what he alleges:—

Bags! Bags! Bags!

Cormack's Great Bag Warehouse.

He asserts that the word "trousers" should be used instead of the vulgarism "bags." Our friend is quite mistaken as to the articles referred to. They are not such as one thrusts one's legs into, but the kind of bag into which (after making such a stupid mistake) he better put his head!

BEER AND TEAR.—Benevolent party: "Poor old man! Has anyone been ill-using him?" Irreverent party with pipe: "Lor bless ye, nobody ain't a-been ill-using 'im—but somebody's been a-malt-treating of him!"

AN EARLY TEA.—An enterprising grocer advertised for sale "tea brought by the ship Taeping" about a fortnight before that vessel arrived in the Thames. We suppose he was determined on Taeping Time by the forelock.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.—1st questionable character:—"Hullo, I say, this 'ere 'arf-survin' as you giv' me is cracked, and I can't pass it!"—2nd ditto: "Cracked, eh! Well, try the 'Sylum; they'll take it there!"

### JUDY.

A HYBRID.—Inquiring spirit: I say, Tummas, what breed do you call that 'ere dawg o' yours?—Tummas: Well, he's two breeds; he is both Pinter and Sotter. He sets all day and pints his nose at the fire.

CELA VA SANS DIRE.—We have just found out that our neighbours over the Channel have had their "Jeudi" (Judy) once a week for ages. Fact!

WHEN prize-fighters meet they generally strike for wage(r)s.

ZOO-LOGIC.—The weight of the great elephant at the Zoo may be ascertained by simply putting your toe under the animal's foot.

A GRAVE JOKE.—Why is a sixpence the most profitable coin to possess?—Because: "A tanner will last you nine years."—"Hamlet," act v., scene 1.

QUERY.—May a speech on board ship be called a deck oration?—Possibly. In some conditions of weather a speech well delivered would entitle any one to a decoration.

IRELAND should henceforth be described in maps as one of the S(c)illy Isles.

CITY DINNERS.—Much has been said and written about this subject; but it should be remembered that the Corporation provide an "ordinary" daily at Newgate for those who choose to avail themselves of the luxury, gratis.

A "BITTER" THOUGHT.—It goes down best when it's up. With Judy's compliments to Messrs. Bryant and May.—The only real safety matches, after all.—Rich marriages.

PAPER COLLARS have had a fair trial, but they "won't wash." A SICKER!—May a horse be said to be "stung to the quick" when made to go faster by means of a spur?

A QUESTION OF TIME.—What's o'clock.

DOUBTLESS.—The police now, in several localities in London, walk—for better security, we suppose—two together. There are, doubtless, many "parties" who would prefer to see them "walk" altogether.

### TOMAHAWK.

The Worse Occupation for an Idle Soldier.—Rome.

### SONG.

(Dedicated to the Author of "German Yeast.")

Tell me what is Fancy Bread,

Is it alum or white lead?

How begot, how fashioned?

Reply, Reply.

Is it engendered from old bones

With glazing fed; the eater moans;

'Neath its weight his stomach groans;

Bread of Fancy, hear thy knell

Sounded by the Muffin-Bell;

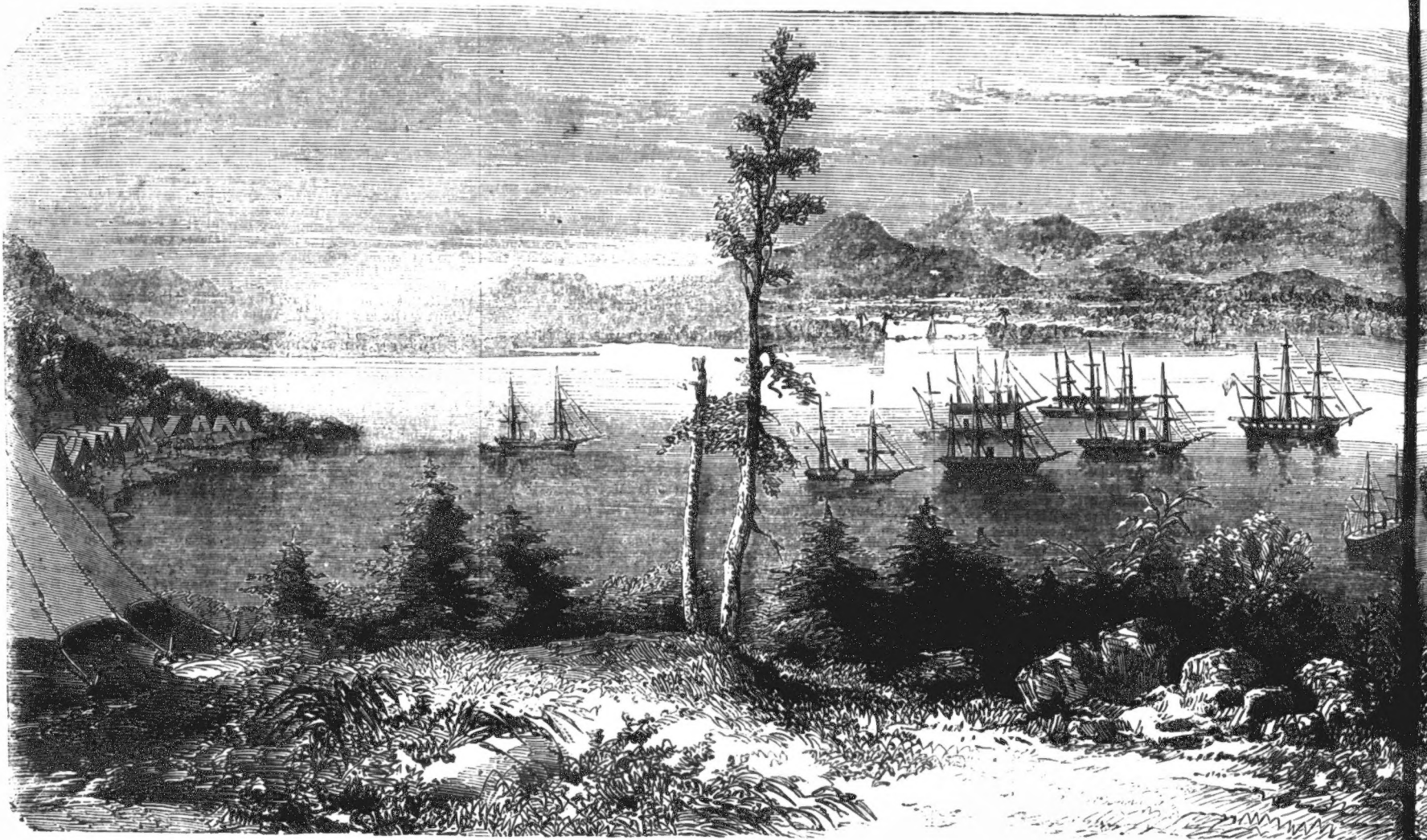
Ding dong Bell.

It is evident that our country workhouses will never be properly reformed till it shall be compulsory for each guardian to spend one week in every year within their walls. Then, perhaps, the healthful cleanliness, and airiness of the Marylebone Workhouse will be the rule, not the exception.

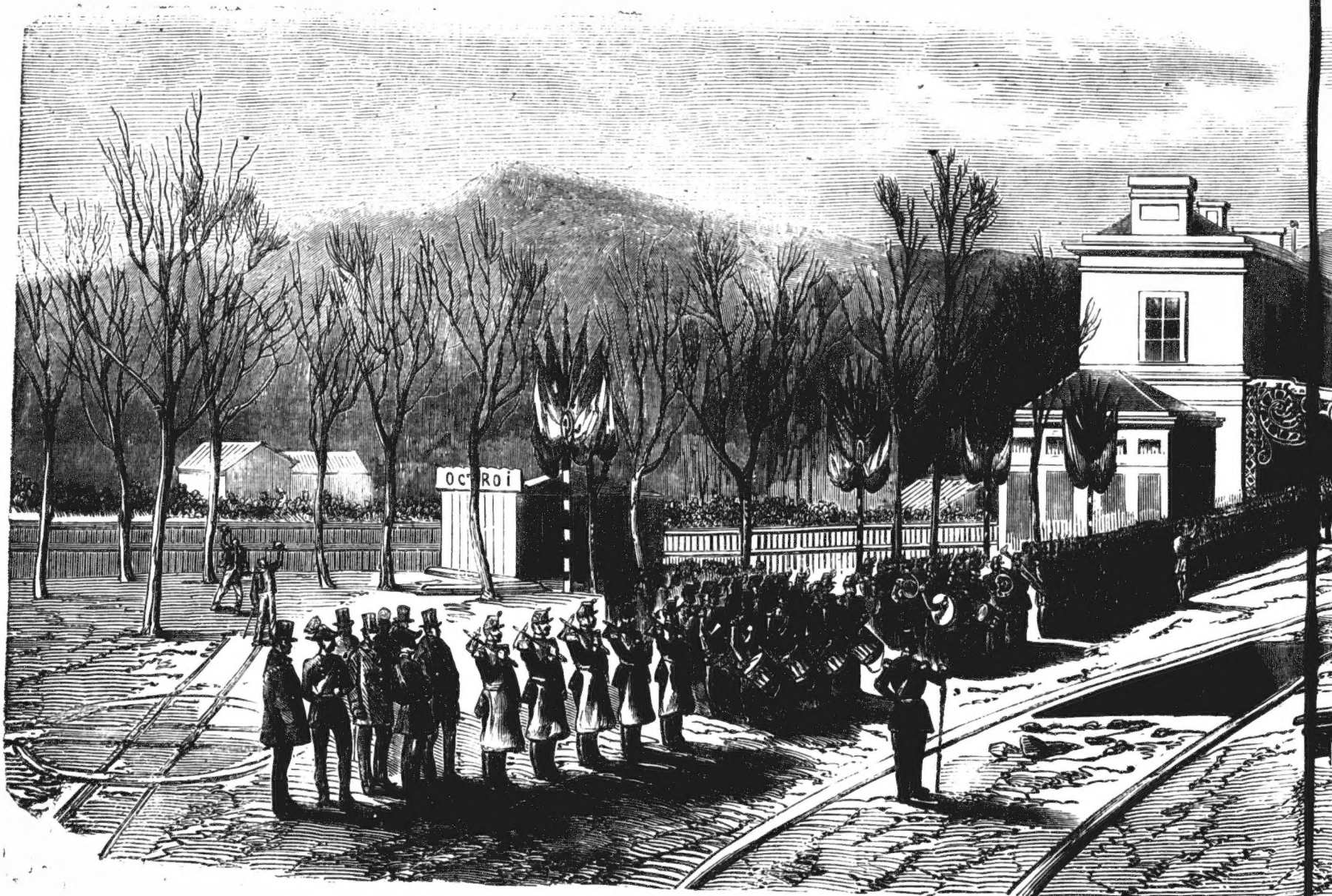
The progress of crime in this country is certainly not backwards, spite of our humane laws and humane institutions. One simple receipt has not yet been tried. Let our paupers and our prisoners change places; we cannot deter wretches from poverty and sickness, let us see if we can deter them from crime.

We are pleased to hear that the Queen has taken the initiative in reducing the present exorbitant price of butcher's meat. The various tradesmen who supply the Royal palaces have been informed that they must accept 8d. a pound for her best mutton, or the Queen's custom will be withdrawn. Of course they will one and all accede to the Royal terms, and if "Purveyors to Her Majesty" reduce their prices the smaller tradesmen must follow suit. The Queen's spirited resolution will confer a substantial boon on all classes of her subjects.



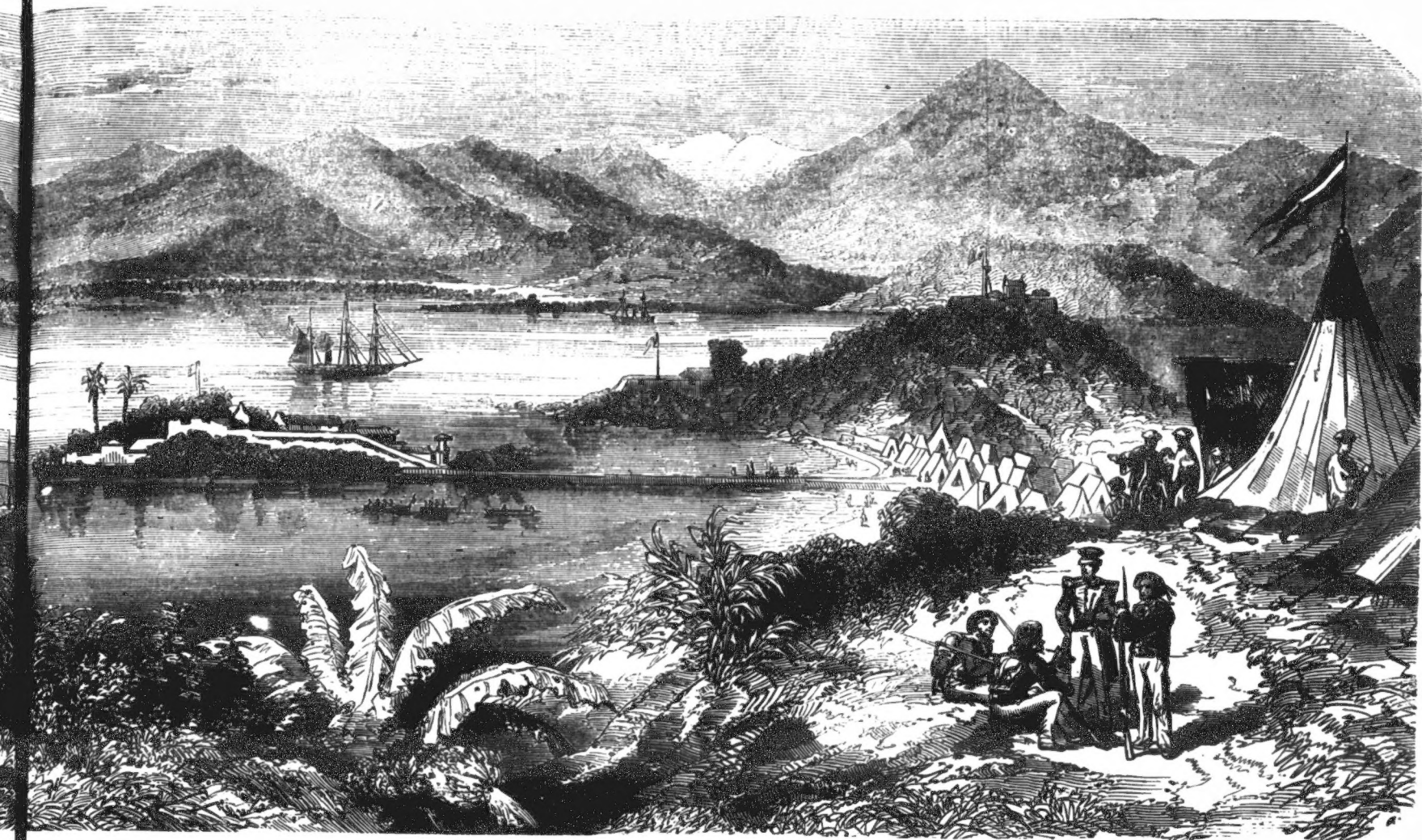


THE BAY OF TUROMOCHI

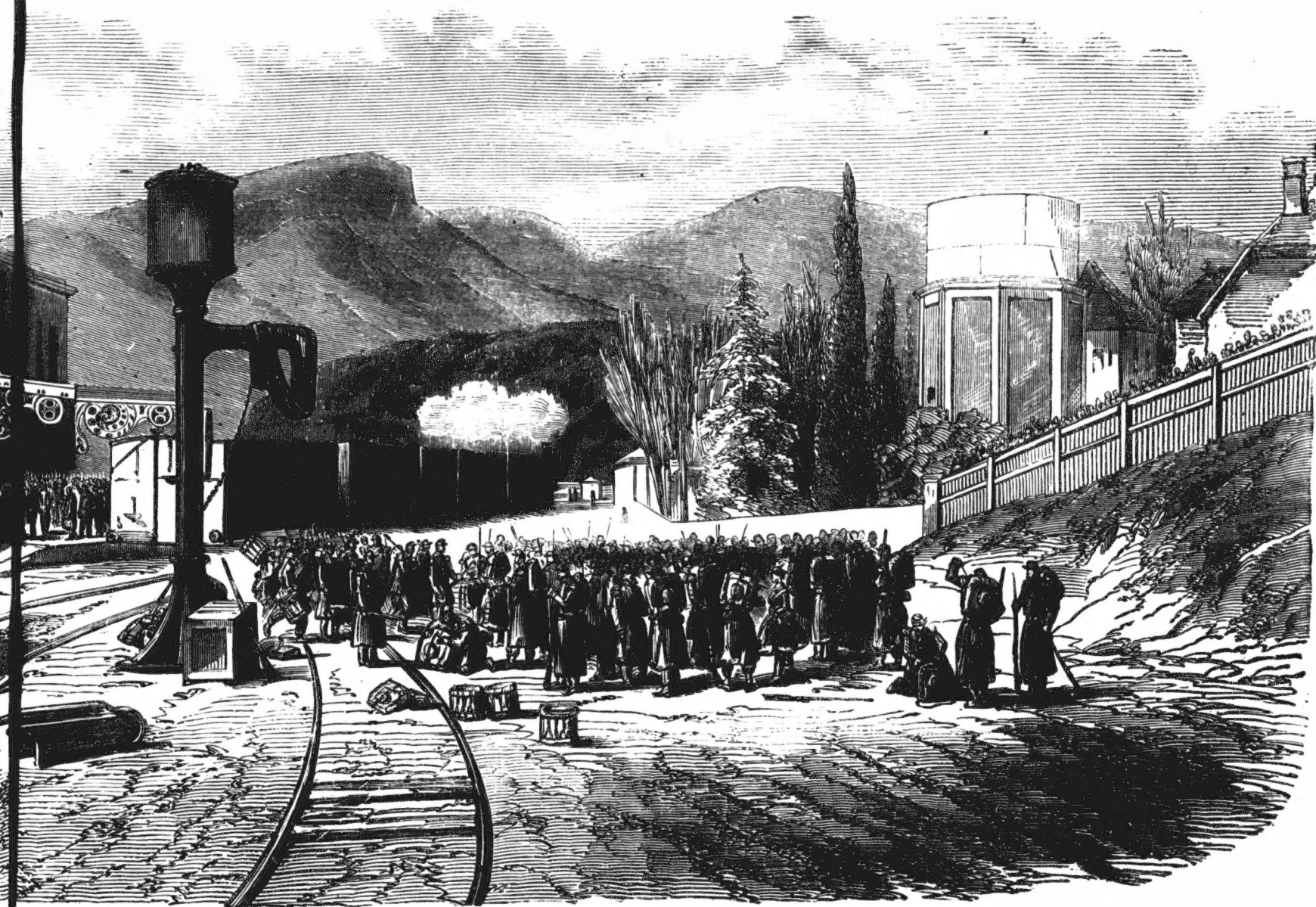


DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM THE ALPS





PEKING CHINA.



RAILWAY STATION AT CHAMBERY.



## The Poisoner's Daughter: A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)  
THE DAGGER AND THE RING.

SHE did not close the door—she had not time to do so—before the pretended sleeper heard the voice of Martha:—

"Ah, my mistress, is the fit upon you?"

"Not so loud, Martha," whispered Madam Harvey. "Louis is in a deep sleep and I would not wake him."

"But, madam, your voice trembles. Is the fit upon you? I feared it was when Master Louis sought for you in your apartment, when you should have been with him," said Martha. "Ah, I have been in the dining-room and found a dagger. Is the fit upon you?"

"I knew she was mad," thought the dwarf, who could easily hear every word, for they had not moved from the door.

"I fear it is, Martha," replied Madam Harvey. "What shall I do? The sight of the earl has maddened me. I would and I would not harm him."

"Be quick, my mistress," said Martha, almost dragging her into the room of the dwarf. "Take an opiate—enough to put sleep upon your brain within a quarter of an hour. You commanded me to insist upon this, my poor mistress."

"Open the small closet on your right, Martha. Louis keeps his medicines in that," said Madam Harvey.

Martha selected a vial of opium, and her mistress swallowed a few drops hastily.

"Now go with me to my room, Martha, nor leave me though I appear in a sound sleep. Ah, madness is more cunning than sanity. Herbert Redburn, I have to curse you for this," sighed Harvey.

"Yes, let the world curse him if he lives, the devil if he is dead," said Martha, who did not know that Herbert Redburn and Reginald Brame were one and the same.

They left the room, and the dwarf listened, motionless, until the sound of their footsteps had died away, when he sprang from his bed.

"Here is more mystery—more nuts for my poor teeth," he said. "Herbert Redburn—who is he? My mother subject to fits of madness in which the desire to kill somebody comes terribly strong upon her! And Martha knows it, while I have not so much as suspected it. True, I have on two occasions met my mother prowling about after midnight, neither awake nor asleep, unless people can walk and talk in their sleep, as I have read. But I never suspected she was in a fit of madness. Once when I accosted her suddenly and said, 'Mother, what are you about to do?' she replied, 'Out, you are no son of mine!' and ran screaming as did Mag Foss. And why does the sight of the earl bring the fit upon her with yearning desire to kill somebody? And where did she learn that juggler trick of cleaving the ring?"

He reflected for a moment as if greatly perplexed, and then said, half aloud, as he laughed harshly:—

"Men might as well call Louis Harvey a spider now, for he is in a web so cunningly spun that he sees no way to free himself. 'Out! you are no son of mine!' she said, and ever since I have been wondering whose son I am; for she whom I call mother refuses to tell me the name of my father, if ever such a deformity had a father. Now that reminds me of another nut which has made my teeth ache for many a day. At another time, when I roused her from that trick of sleep-walking, she cried, 'Away, toad!' and forthwith embraced me, sobbing, 'But if you had not been poisoned in your infancy you would not be deformed,' and that was all, for no explanation has she given of either speech. But I must go the rounds and see if all are asleep."

Madam Harvey and Martha having re-entered her apartment, immediately reclined upon a sofa and closed her eyes.

"Martha," she said, "I will try to sleep—Heaven grant that I may sleep; but I warn you not to be deceived, and not to sleep yourself. Remember that I have twice deceived you. Watch."

"I will watch, madam," replied Martha, firmly. "Whether you sleep or not I will not leave your side."

She sat down upon an ottoman near the sofa, and after a glance at the sleeping Lenora, fixed her eyes upon the closed eyes of her mistress.

"Poor lady!" she mused; your life is a misery of dread lest in a fit of madness you may commit some crime. Some dreadful deed you have done, I fear, though you have never told me what. Fifteen years have I been in your service, poor lady, and a kinder, gentler, lovelier mistress never I had; and sorrow and trouble and poverty you've had, and you've hoped and prayed and struggled, nor never sinned, or wanted to sin, only when the fits take hold of you. God bless you, I do not know, and I don't want to know if I could, what crime you did, nor how you were led on to do it, nor who you were, nor what you have been before I became your servant—I know that you are a dear, good, afflicted lady!"

She reached out her large, coarse hand, and cautiously drawing the hem of Madam Harvey's dress to her lips kissed it silently but fervently, while great tears rolled from her honest blue eyes.

"Oh," she mused, "if ever you committed a crime you were not in your right senses—you was in one of the fits. I've heard you say enough to know that some villain named Herbert Redburn has had much to do with your sorrow, poor lady, and if ever he lives to get my hands on him he'll wish he'd never been born, that's all!"

Here Lenora moaned in her sleep, and so changed the current of her thoughts.

"And that's the poisoner's daughter, and Master Louis is bewildered with her beauty! And very handsome she is, too, with an eye, and a face, and a voice that wraps your heart in music, and I couldn't hate her, as I wanted to, for being a poisoner's daughter. But what does Master Louis mean by asking himself if he is not, or is, the son of my mistress?"

This last idea was so marvellous that honest Martha closed her eyes to tackle it closely. It is dangerous for one to think with shut eyes after midnight, if one desires to keep awake. Martha tackled that puzzling question so tightly that she did not open her eyes for a long time, and, when she did, with a start and a scared consciousness that the question had got the advantage of her, and smothered her brains with a nap, the sofa was vacant! Madam Harvey had disappeared!

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Martha, staring first at the vacant sofa, and then around the room. "I have been asleep, and she has glided away like a ghost!"

Yes, soon after Martha closed her eyes, the eyelids of Madam Harvey parted; so slightly, however, that had Martha been Martha been gazing at them, she would not have detected it.

After a steady observation of the features of the servant, Madam Harvey opened her eyes fully. They had a wild and cunning expression, and her face wore the same. She soon began to raise herself to a sitting posture, never moving her eyes from Martha's face.

A few minutes passed, during which she slowly and steadily rose to her feet, left the sofa, and glided from the room into the hall along the wall until she entered the dining-room.

She moved in the dark, but she did not stumble, nor strike against any object, nor did she make the slightest noise.

Having entered the dining-room, she swept her hands over the table until she grasped that double-edged dagger which the dwarf had seen her sharpening.

With this formidable weapon in her hand, she returned into the hall and moved toward the room occupied by Dick of Kent and the two cavaliers.

Dick of Kent, weary and solitary, with nothing to hear, except the regular and deep breathing of the cavaliers, had imperceptibly sunk into a slumber.

Madam Harvey entered the room with a slow and noiseless step. An expression of delight lighted up her face as she saw that Dick of Kent slept. An expression of hate and fury darkened her face as she fixed her gaze upon the slumbering earl, whose broad bosom rose and fell with steady breathing.

She glided past Dick, and began to approach the bed in a crouching posture. When within reach of the earl, she drew a ring from her finger and laid it softly upon her breast, exactly over his heart.

At this moment a panel or narrow secret door, in the wall opposite to the bed, slid noiselessly aside, and a masked head appeared.

### CHAPTER XVI.

THE DWARF AND THE APPRENTICE.

THE left side of Madam Harvey was towards the door; her right side towards the bed, her eyes fixed upon the ring.

She did not perceive that the panel had glided aside, nor had she yet raised the dagger.

The man in the mask continued to push aside the panel until it made an opening wide enough to admit his entrance, when he paused and flashed his eyes about him.

Madam Harvey now raised the dagger, and the man in the mask saw that she was about to strike it into the breast of the earl.

"Good," thought the mask. "I find another about to do my work for me. It seems there are three who hate the Earl of Branchland—Reginald Brame, Madam Harvey, and myself. Strike, then, lady, and the accepted lover of the heiress of the Duke of Langford will be no longer in my path!"

But although Martha and Dick of Kent yielded to the insidious approach and power of sleep, there was a pair of eyes in that house over which sleep had no dominion. The sagacious and vigilant dwarf was wide awake and active. Little could take place beneath that roof, day or night, without his knowledge. If he did not see what was done when it was being done, he seldom failed to find out all about it, who did it, when and why.

The profound reserve and caution of Madam Harvey had scarcely defended her secrets from his patient, unrelenting cunning.

We left him, in the preceding chapter, about to make the rounds of the house. He had begun by listening at the door of his mother's room. He knew that she had swallowed several drops of the tincture of opium, and he judged that the effects of the drug would result in throwing her into a profound sleep, and that Martha, who seemed much alarmed, would not fail to watch at her side.

Listening keenly, and hearing nothing, he again entered the apartment of the cavaliers. Dick was nodding, and the dwarf did not molest him.

"Let him sleep," he muttered. "I am awake, and Dick never awakes drowsy, no matter how suddenly aroused."

He then left the room and visited every chamber in that part of the house. The house had three stories, and the dwarf ascended to the highest. He knew that the house was isolated in its situation, and that every door and window was strongly bolted and barred, most of the windows being boarded up on the inside.

Still, his restless mind was unsatisfied. Thereupon he ascended to the third story and listened. Rats he could hear as they scurried about, disturbed by his intrusion among the vacant rooms, but after a time he heard a strange noise which appeared to be made upon the outside of the house.

He moved to the thin wall, which was of wood, and placed his ear against it. Yes, there was certainly somebody cautiously climbing upwards.

The dwarf listened eagerly to this disturbance, and not hearing it after a time, ascended noiselessly to the attic, where he ascertained that the person had reached the roof and was crawling upon it.

"Oh," thought the dwarf, "this is some robber who knows as much about this old house as I do. He is going to enter by the trap-door, and descend into the house by the secret stairway, which leads into the cavaliers' apartment. Well, let him come in—he may find it more difficult than pleasant to get out."

He remained motionless until his ears assured him that the intruder had lifted the trap-door, when he crouched behind a pile of rubbish, and used his eyes, for the intruder had drawn a dark lantern from his pocket, pushed aside the slide and flashed the light about the attic.

The dwarf saw that the intruder was a man in a mask, wearing pistols in his belt and a rapier at his side.

He paused at the head of the small ladder which led to the floor of the attic, and the dwarf noticed that his garb was not that of a common burglar, but of a gentleman.

The intruder seemed satisfied with the security of his position, and cautiously descended to the floor. At the foot of the ladder he paused to adjust his mask of crabs, which his exertions in climbing had disarranged. In adjusting it he removed it completely, so that the crouching dwarf, peeping through the rubbish of old furniture which hid him, gained a full and fair view of the intruder's features.

"Ho!" thought the dwarf. "I have seen that face somewhere, and not long since. Where was it? Ah, it is the apprentice of Reginald Brame! It is Simon Brown! But what is he here for? and why in the dress of a gentleman? Is he after money? How did he learn that there is gold in this house?"

The apprentice, for it was he, having replaced his mask, did not descend to the next floor by the stairs, but went straight to an angle of the attic, and pushing against the wall forced inwards a panel and disappeared, leaving the panel open.

"Good," thought the dwarf. "Now our rat is in the trap; let us see if it was the cheese or crackers which baited him. Does he want gold or flesh?"

The dwarf now descended the stairs until he reached the hall upon which opened the door of the cavaliers' apartment. He moved on until he stood near the open door, where he paused, fixing his eyes upon the secret panel in the wall.

He was in the deep shadow of the hall, outside of the apartment, but commanding a clear view of the wall opposite to the bed. But the bed he could not see from where he stood, or he would have seen Madam Harvey in the act of placing the ring upon the bosom of the sleeping earl.

He saw the panel slowly glide aside, the mask appear, and then pause, as if checked by something in that part of the room which he could not see.

He was about to change his position to learn what absorbed the attention of the mask, when Dick of Kent awoke.

As the dwarf had mentally said, Dick of Kent never awoke drowsy. He was one of those sleepers who awake in full possession of their faculties even before their eyes are wide open. Dick had been forced to live for so many years with his life between his eyelids, that he was accustomed to awake all at once. Therefore, the instant that he opened his eyes he discharged his pistols—one at Madam Harvey, and the other at the apprentice.

Madam Harvey uttered a scream of pain and terror; the apprentice vanished. The ball fired at the former had struck the dagger from her hand, and shocked her wrist sharply; the ball fired at the apprentice had missed its aim and buried itself in the wall. But the life of Albert of Branchland was saved, for in an instant more the double-edged dagger would have pierced his heart.

The dwarf leaped into the room, and beholding Madam Harvey crouching at the side of the bed, the dagger lying near her, when he had firmly believed that she was profoundly asleep, and the

dagger elsewhere, uttered a cry of amazement, which was echoed more shrilly by Martha, who, at that instant, rushed into the room and threw her arms around her bewildered mistress.

Madam Harvey had every appearance of a somnambulist suddenly awakened to consciousness. The startled earl and his friend, the knight, stared about them in amazement. Dick of Kent, who was a man of nerve and action, had no sooner fired at the apprentice, than he followed his bullet and buried himself in the wall—that is, he rushed across the room and sprang into the opening of the secret stairs, unsheathing his sword as he leaped.

But Dick had as much prudence as courage. He had not taken a step beyond the panel when it occurred to him that the man in the mask might quietly await his ascent of these dark, narrow, and winding stairs, and suddenly salute him with a yard of cold steel.

He ran back into the room, snatched up the lamp, and sprang back into the panel; while the dwarf, recovering from his surprise, leaped from the apartment into the hall, and hurried to search the upper entrance of the secret stairs.

Thus, Madam Harvey, Martha, the earl, and the knight were left in total darkness.

"Madam, madam!" whispered Martha, raising her almost helpless mistress in her powerful arms, "do not speak! I will take care of you."

"Oh, Martha!" began the lady.

"Hush!" said Martha, bearing her towards where she knew the door should be, though she could see nothing. "I do not know what has happened, only that no one has been killed. Here is the door now. We are in the hall, and yonder shines the lamp in your room."

"Martha, Martha!" cried Madam Harvey, sobbing, "why did you, how could you suffer me to leave my room?"

"I ought to be hung, drawn and quartered for it, I know," replied the faithful and grieving servant, as she entered madam's apartment and placed her upon the sofa. "I fell asleep, and I deserve a beating. There, now all is comfortable, and I'll not sleep again, my lady."

"The fit has passed," said her mistress, in a sad and weary tone, as she reclined upon the sofa. "God knows what evil I have planned and perhaps done since I left this sofa. It seems like a dream. What has happened?"

"My lady, are you sure the fit has passed, and that it will not come on again, which would be dreadful," said Martha, lighting a lamp at the flame of the one burning upon a table.

"No, it has passed, and will not return for months—I hope never again," replied her afflicted mistress. "Go see what dreadful deed I have done."

Martha looked earnestly in her face, and being convinced by her scrutiny, returned with the lamp to the cavaliers.

On the first alarm, occasioned by the discharge of the pistols, the cavaliers had risen nearly to their feet; but confused by surprise, half blinded by the smoke, and sore from their wounds, they were unable to understand the situation before Dick left them in darkness. Neither did they comprehend then what had occurred, as their words proved.

"What is going on, Sir James?" asked the earl, sliding to the floor and groping for his sword.

"Pistol-firing and devils' work in general," was the reply of the bewildered knight. "But who fired, or at what, I cannot say. There was a woman or two in the matter, as there generally is in all flare-ups, my lord."

"Was not one of them Madam Harvey, the mother of our host?"

"Perhaps. I have never had the high honour of forming her acquaintance, my lord, but Sir Dwarf was in and out like a bat, and stout Dick vanished like a fire-dragon, and the women like owls."

"We had better stay where we are, Sir James; for where the door is I know not, and in groping about we may fall into some pit or trap."

"Right, my lord; for Sir Dwarf deals in devilish contrivances of that nature. I was asleep when Dick's pistols awoke me, but Sir Dwarf was in my dreams, with the face of an angel and the shape of a giraffe. But, thank the saints, here is a light carried by a woman. Good woman," said Sir James to Martha as she entered, "what means this breaking up of a famous nightmare of mine, and the gentle dreams of the earl?"

"Not so gentle, Sir James," replied the earl, in a gloomy tone. "I was dreaming that I was about to die the death of my murdered father—that a woman placed a ring over my heart and was about to stick a dagger through it—"

"Here is a dagger, my lord, and, as I live, here is a ring!" exclaimed the knight, as he espied them lying upon the floor.

He picked them up and showed them to the earl.

"Ah," thought Martha, who had not presumed to reply to the knight while the earl was speaking, "that is the dagger which I saw lying upon the table in the dining-room."

"A dagger and a ring!" exclaimed the earl, as he took them and gazed at them. "Woman, what caused this disturbance, and whose are these?"

"Indeed, my lord, I do not know anything of the dagger and ring; but the disturbance—"

"Goes on yet above, by my faith!" cried Sir James, as a pistol shot was heard in the upper part of the house. "Come, my lord, the woman is wild with terror, and perhaps our host is sorely beset in our defence. There bangs another shot!"

"Master Louis is above! Help him!" exclaimed Dick of Kent, suddenly, as he rushed or rather rolled into the room through the panel door. "And I've my dose, I fear."

He struggled to his feet, but reeled and fell heavily, blood gurgling from a wound in his forehead.

"Up the secret stairs! That way, my masters!" he cried, raising himself upon his elbow and pointing at the opening in the wall. "It's all up with Dick Tarleton!"

The cavaliers did not pause to examine the wound, but moved as hastily as their bandaged hurts permitted towards the wall.

But scarcely had they taken a step when the apprentice sprang into the room from the panel, sword in hand, and lunging fiercely at the earl, who had instantly assailed him, parried the thrust of Sir James, and rushed towards the door opening into the hall, as if more anxious to escape than fight.

But the dwarf, armed with a rapier nearly as long as himself, suddenly appeared at the door, thus cutting off the intruder's retreat.

The apprentice now retreated towards the panel door, but was instantly confronted by the cavaliers.

"Show your face, assassin!" exclaimed the earl, lunging and whipping off the crape mask of the apprentice. "Ah, Colonel St. Luke!" he continued.

"Colonel St. Luke, whose regiment gave no quarter at Worcester," cried St. James, as he gazed fiercely at the firm though pale face of the intruder, from whose high brow the fictitious birthmark had disappeared.

"I am Raymond St. Luke, colonel in the Cromwellian army," replied he whom we have thus far designated as the apprentice, "and I have friends not far off who will soon make mincemeat of Sir James Howard and Lord Albert, and of the spider," said he, with a contemptuous look at the dwarf, "unless I pass unhurt and immediately from this house."

"Howard!" said Sir James, "I swore if ever I met you, were it even in a church, that I would slay you for crying, 'No quarter!' at Worcester."

"If his friends were so near," cried the dwarf, "he would be in a hurry to call them. No, the rat is among the cats. But, before we pin him to the wall, let us find why he is here."

(To be continued.)



## THE DRAWING ROOM.

## FASHIONS AT BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON is getting fuller every day, and the block in the drive in the afternoon from Lewis-crescent, Kemp-town, to Albion-crescent, on the West Cliff, reminds one of Hyde-park in London towards May, June, and July.

There is no place in England where you have a better opportunity of seeing what people are wearing than at Brighton; everybody seems to be out and about from morning to night, and they concentrate about the same spot at different hours of the day, so that you are pretty certain to see all the visitors at some time or other; and yet, without visiting, it is by no means an easy matter to attempt to describe what one sees. It would be far easier to tell you what they are not wearing there than to enter into very minute details of what is worn; for everything that is pretty, smart, fashionable, or grotesque is to be seen at Brighton now.

The new piece on the West Cliff, which was opened last autumn, is quite a new feature in Brighton life; for there, three times in the day—at half-past eleven, half-past three, and seven—the town band plays, and in the morning, if at no other part of the day, the crowd pours down to hear it for want of something better to do. Seated at the extreme end, which is protected by a complete range of glass at the back of the seats, so that you may sit and enjoy a good view of the sea while listening to the music, untouched by the sharp keen blasts which often blow across the Channel, it is a very agreeable lounge. By-the-by, why is Brighton more aristocratic now than it used to be? Didn't you know that it was? It is, though, for it has one peer (peer) more. But enough of riddles, I must attempt now to give you my impressions of the fashions, as derived from my last visit to the pier in the morning.

Every year there is one particular style of dress at Brighton—a kind of livery adopted by a third of the visitors. We all remember the scarlet Colleen Bawn cloaks which enlivened the West Cliff so much some three or four years since. Last year every other person you met wore a velvet dress, and now the Atlantic yachting suits are all the rage; the dark blue serges trimmed with white braid—dress, petticoat, and jacket all alike. There is very little variety in them; they are mostly trimmed round with a broad band of braid, with a row of narrower braid waved above it; others are trimmed up each seam, but the latter style is particularly unbecoming.

To make the costume complete and quite en règle, according to the present mode at Brighton, the hat should be small and round, not quite so small as the "park-pie," nor the straight brim quite so wide, but covered with a band of feather trimmings, and a long flowing plume of cock's feathers put quite in the front, and allowed to droop over the top of the crown. Round the neck there must be a small bit of handkerchief of muslin or bright-colored silk, trimmed all round with Cluny lace, with a medallion of Cluny lace in the point, which is fully displayed at the back; indeed, these neckerchiefs—which are the neatest and most peculiar to the season—are put on more like the old-fashioned large collars than anything else, being entirely the top of the jacket and the linen collar which forms such a pretty flash round the neck. When these neckerchiefs are of bright blue silk or magenta, as they often are, and invariably trimmed with Cluny lace, the effect is very peculiar indeed; and, in fact, the Atlantic yachting suits, though admirably adapted for the seaside or for rough wearing of any kind, are out of place at Brighton, where everybody dresses for effect, and where most people ignore the sex as much as possible. They are certainly not half so pretty or lady-like-looking as the velveteens, a good many of which are still worn. Nearly all of those I see are drawn up over the brightest-colored petticoats. There were several magenta satin, and one or two blue, and all quilted. I even saw a magenta satin worn under a black velvet. People seem to have discarded all trimmings on petticoats this season, except plaited flounces of the same, or a wide flounce of the same not plaited, but gathered. A pretty bright blue silk petticoat that pleased me had a pulling of silk on the straight above the gathered flounce, while a few others had eight or ten little narrow flounces quilted at the bottom. I believe this is the latest style, but it is not the prettiest.

But the newest feature of the Brighton fashions is the great absence of crinoline, and the general adoption of short dresses—But, alas! short dresses so ill-arranged, so ill-made, that they present the most ludicrous appearance possible. Many of the gorges made as short dresses are so arranged as to look like the double skirts of a year or two ago; for, with ill-judged economy, the verge in many of the lower skirts scarcely reaches an inch beyond where the upper one meets it, so that at every gust of wind the white under-linings are very fully displayed to view, and the effect is very bad indeed; one dress in particular, which was trimmed round the bottom of both skirts with a broad band of black braid edged with orange, was quite spoilt by this defect.

At present, people certainly don't understand the art of either making or wearing short dresses; they seem to think that any old dress will cut up into a short one, and the result is the most ill-made, incongruous mixtures imaginable. Black dyed silk seems the favourite material for petticoats, over which short dresses of faded light silks look as bad as they well can do. They are nearly always cut without any fullness round the waist—which, no doubt, is a very proper way nowadays of cutting them—but then they ought to be sufficiently gored to allow the drapery a certain flow, and the skirt should reach some inches above the bottom of the petticoat; in many cases this was not so, the lower half of the short skirt being lamentably tight, some of them cut in long untidy styles, to which no other term could be applied than the familiar one of "ragged;" some in large scallops, the middle of which reached the bottom of the petticoat, and looked out of place there; while some were in buttoned tabs, much too small to be effective, some so large as to be unbecomingly, none hardly had reached the happy medium. Of the hundreds of short dresses I saw, I only counted about eight or nine that were really well cut and looked well, and most of these I am convinced were French; and as I looked at them I could not help thinking what infinite amusement the ill-made short dresses around me would afford a Frenchwoman. The two prettiest of those I admired were black; the one a velvet, the other a rich corded silk. They both had the petticoat and dress of the same. The velvet was trimmed with cross-cut bands of satin piped, with a handsome bugle fringe hanging from the upper skirt (bugle fringes and fringes of jet balls are quite the rage), and a handsome jet ornament in a bow of satin looped up at one side. The jacket was trimmed in the same way, and cut long and square in front, like the fashion plate in the *Queen of the Week* before last. Long streamers of satin, with jet ornaments at the ends, hung down the back, and a velvet hat with a plume of cock's feathers, fastened in front with a bow of satin and a jet brooch, completed this ladylike costume. The silk one was very similar, save that the upper skirt was cut in points at the front, and not caught up at the side; but the trimmings were jet, and cross-cut bands of the same.—*Queen.*

AN UNGALLANT RIDING MASTER—M. Decorbey, riding master of the Hippodrome, has just been tried before the Correctional Police, Paris, on a charge of assaulting Mlle. Laurentine Favel, an equestre at that establishment. The defendant appears to have attempted to employ, in the maintenance of discipline among the artists, the same means as he is accustomed to use to preserve order in the stable. A dispute having arisen between himself and Mlle. Favel, he considered that the young lady did not reply in terms sufficiently respectful, and, as a means of correction, struck her in the face with both his fist and his riding whip. He was condemned to ten days' imprisonment, and 100 francs.

## LITERATURE.

"Narrative of a Journey through Abyssinia in 1862-3." With an Appendix on "The Abyssinian Captives Question." By Henry Dutton. (Chapman and Hall.)

THE subject of most interest in Mr. Dutton's work being the sovereign whose name has, unfortunately, now become a household word in England, we shall best consult the indications of our readers by quoting his description of his first interview with the "King of the Kings of Ethiopia":—

"Dressing my hat and shoes, leaving the latter on the threshold, I undressed and advanced into the interior of the hut: but great was my surprise when instead of finding anywhere the outward paraphernalia of Oriental royalty, I beheld the famous Theodore, the renowned warrior and absolute lord of a great dominion, dressed in plain cotton shirt and trousers, and these not over-clean, seated, not on a throne, but on a low divan raised about a foot from the ground. Thinking at first that it could not be the King himself who was seated before me, the profound bow with which I entered was rather uncertainly directed. His request by indication that I would be seated reassured me, and doubling my legs up in the Oriental manner, I sprang down among the rest. We were now well supplied with cracky and redde (honey-wine) in the drinking line, as well as with a plain breakfast of telf bread and stewed meat to satisfy the more solid demands of hunger. In the meantime, the King, who was sipping cracky all the time, chatted away very pleasantly in Amharic with the missionaries, playing them with questions in theology, or discussing their recent successes in mortar-making. His appearance was that of a man of about forty-five, of middling stature, and possessed of a well-knit but not over-powerful frame, conveying more the idea of being tough and wiry than of strong physical development. His complexion is dark, approaching to black, but he has nothing of the negro about him. His features are altogether those of a European. His head is well formed, and his hair is arranged in large plaits extending back from the forehead. The forehead is high, and tends to be prominent. His eye is black, full of fire, quick and piercing. His nose has a little of the Roman about it, being slightly arched and pointed. His mouth is perfect, and the smile, which during the conversation continually played upon it, was exceedingly agreeable, I may say fascinating. He has very little moustache or beard. His manner was peculiarly pleasant, gracious, and even polite, and his general expression, even when his features were at rest, was one of intelligence and benevolence. On the whole, the physiognomist would find no trace of fierce passion save in the lightning glance of his eyes. I watched for the keen shot of light coming from them at times, and reflected upon what he could be capable of, but they did not strike me as treacherous eyes. I felt that he could act savagely under irritation."

Let us compare this description with that of Dr. Blanc, the medical officer attached to Mr. Rassam's mission, who, to his cost, has had ample opportunities of observing and studying the King under various and often widely-different circumstances, and who thus reports to Government his opinion:—

"Admitting for a moment that Theodoros was born with the best disposition, endowed with the best of tempers,—that sobriety, truthfulness and justice ruled his life,—still he passed through the double ordeal of rapid and unexpected elevation, to fall so suddenly, hardly retaining the appearance of his short-lived royalty, as to account for his present suspicious character, cruelty and duplicity. It is, however, more natural to suspect that, whilst poor and a candidate for power, he concealed his many vices and restrained his natural evil propensities. Soon after his coronation, at the height of his glory, when all Abyssinians crouched at his feet, he had neither cause nor reason to be false and cruel; still he was both. He loved to ensnare, by kind words or deeds, those he thought might give him trouble some day; and many of his first and most faithful followers had to lament the hour they had trusted in the most sacred oath of their lord and master. Even now, low as he is fallen, when he likes he has all the dignity of a sovereign, the amiability and good breeding of the most accomplished diplomat; his smile is so sweet and gracious that those who have seen him thus (and we are amongst them) cannot believe that the affable and accomplished monarch is but a good actor playing a part, a monster of hypocrisy, who is chuckling all the while inwardly at the dexterous manner he is taking in his admiring friends."

## THE TRAGIC SIDE OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

Mlle. FLEURY has been seriously ill; Dr. Nelaton, however, pronounces her out of danger. The fell Sergeant Death has been strict in his arrest with poor General Boum. The French stage might have better spared a better man than he, could one have been found to strut about the stage with that grotesque pomposity, that mock heroic assumption of military prowess which has kept all Paris in fits of laughter ever since the Grande Duchesse has held her Court at the Varieties. Alas, poor Couder! Little did we think that we were looking our last at his plumed cocked hat, that he was taking his last pinch of snuff from the pistol barrels on the eve of his trip to Wiesbaden, where he was carried off in the prime of life at thirty-three. The "Grande Duchesse" is the gayest, most frolicsome of Messalinas "qui aiment les militaires," yet fortune has not smiled on her courtiers. The Prince Paul (Grenier) broke his leg in that frenzied dance with General Boum, and the general himself has been struck down never to rise again. Couder laid the foundations of his great fame at the Delassements-Comiques, when that little theatre set up its bills in the Rue de Provence. He played in a charming little piece, entitled "La Nuit de Noces." Who will ever forget that intensely comic scene where he and his bride since the morning only were disturbed from their "repose" by the clanging of cymbals and banging of a drum in a military spectacle at the neighbouring theatre. It was one of the most ludicrous situations ever devised by dramatic ingenuity. The pretty girl who played the bride died on the same day as her stage husband Couder; on the same day they were both laid in the grave. Hyacinthe on returning from Couder's funeral found his wife lying dead in her bed, and all sorts of fatalities have followed this sad event.—*Galignani.*

THE FRAGILE TIE.—It appears that there are not less than 152 cases for trial in the Divorce Court. It is suggested that, considering the frequency of these proceedings, it would be well if for the future powers were given to trustees in nuptial settlements to create what is called "a reserve fund," in the language of banks and other companies, out of a portion of the annual proceeds of the trust, otherwise to be called a "Divorce Contingencies Fund," in order to meet the legal expenses that seem, sooner or later, to be incident to so many matrimonial contracts.

MILD CRITICISM.—We copy the following notable specimen of criticism from our contemporary the *Army and Navy Gazette*. It is of a kind of which even the Right Hon. Tito Barnacle would approve; it divulges nothing, offends nobody, damages nobody, and we fear we must add, does no good. Who is the better or the worse for such a paragraph as this?—"Will the Lords of the Admiralty excuse us for saying that one of the recent promotions and also one of the late appointments have caused much astonishment throughout the service? We can scarcely blame their lordships, as they must have been ignorant of the facts which have come to our knowledge, otherwise we are quite convinced that neither officer would have received any further mark of favour at their hands."

## THE GARDEN.

## HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

INTENDING planters in this department, having prepared the borders, procured the necessary fruit trees, &c., had better proceed with planting at the earliest moment possible after their arrival. First prune the roots carefully with a keen-edged knife, removing about a third of all the larger, grosser ones, any which might have been injured beyond recovery in digging them up, &c. Elevate the soil upon the exact position where the tree is to be planted, mound-like, say to about 12 inches higher than the surrounding ground, after having first well trodden the space surrounding it 5 or 6 feet in diameter, for the purpose of obviating any undue sinking thereof at a later date, and when the tree has begun to establish itself. If the tree operated upon, whatever its form may be, is being planted in the open ground, it will be better to drive a stake firmly down through this mound first. To this the tree should be firmly tied when planted. Spread the roots—even to the minutest fibre—out evenly all around upon this mound, at an angle of about 60 degrees, sprinkling in finely pulverised soil between every rootlet separately; finish off firmly with about 6 inches of soil above all. In tying the tree to the stake, always attach the tying material to the latter first, at a height of 2 or 3 inches below where it is intended it should be tied to the tree. So doing will obviate what gardeners sometimes call "hanging the roots," a condition caused, as will be readily seen, by the sinking of the soil with the roots therein, whilst the main stem is held suspended to the stake. In planting trees against walls, &c., proceed in precisely the same manner. Bring the observations just made to bear upon each in fastening it to the wall; and, what is likely to prove of some importance hereafter, do not plant any too close to the wall, whether "standards" or "dwarfs," but afford each ample room to swell and fill out properly at the base, for once a tree has its sides compressed against so hard a substance, and especially its base, an interference with its proper development, free circulation of sap, &c., occurs, beyond dispute. Besides which, imagine the heat, in such a position, which this has to endure, in broiling summer days. To do these young trees justice, then, in this wise, they should each and all be quite 6 inches from the wall, where the base emerges from the soil. I am aware that this might appear an excessive distance, taking the size of the small stocks when planted into consideration. Not so, however, when, having attained to a fruiting size, it doubles in diameter what its simple circumference scarcely now measures. I have not yet made any remark concerning the branches. These may be left as they are until a later date.

## HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Pansies, if strong and well rooted, should be planted out not later than the ensuing week, provided the weather is moderately open. It will not be advisable to remove them, however, after this date. The Cliveden, or spring flowering sorts, budded out, should they be strong or are likely, by having been drawn up in the cutting beds—being long and lanky—to receive injury in windy weather, had better be pegged down firmly forthwith. They will quickly turn their heads up and continue flowering freely. Proceed with tulip planting as the weather proves favourable. Remove gladioli from the open borders into a dry open situation, where the bulbs can ripen off freely.

## KITCHEN GARDEN.

I have little to add this week to past directions, as in all neatly kept gardens it must be superfluous to speak of removing all decaying vegetable matter with despatch. Do not cut the tops off Brussels sprouts, if it is necessary they should stand well through the winter. Manure, trench, or dig any vacant ground, as soon as time can be spared from constant sweeping and raking operations, for that purpose. Cut away the older growth upon plantations of chamomile without further delay; freshen over the surface of the soil, and tread the plants firmly all over afterwards. This will induce them to root more freely.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

## HINTS TO AMATEURS.

Amongst November's duties, transplanting occupies an important place; and as some appear to imagine this is a simple matter, consisting merely of pulling up a plant, cramming it into a hole prepared for it, shovelling in the loose earth, and stamping upon it, we purpose making a few remarks upon the subject.

Transplanting is a combination of two distinct operations, and as much depends upon the manner in which the plant is dug up, as upon the way in which it is re-planted. The taking-up or digging-up of plants deserves more thought, care, and consideration than is generally given to it by amateurs; it is too commonly the case that they care little how it comes up, so long as they get it up quickly and without trouble; to "get it up" is their only thought, no matter how; "never mind about a few broken roots, but get it up." If the plant be large or its branches brittle, it is desirable to tie it up into the smallest compass before beginning to move the earth; by so doing it becomes more manageable and less liable to injury both in digging it up and in removing it to its intended destination. Having thus secured its branches, the next care must be for its roots. The object must be to save all the roots, and especially the rootlets, for they are really the most important parts, and upon the care with which they are preserved from injury depends, more than upon anything else, the future well-being of the plant. Now, the mode of the growth of roots is very various, and nothing but experience will enable any one, unacquainted with the plant, to tell what kind of roots it will probably have. Some plants have tuberous roots like dahlias and potatoes, and these are found close under or near to the main stem of the plant; you need never dig far away for them. Other plants have long straggling roots, with the rootlets chiefly near the end of the roots, and these require more care in digging up than any others. With such plants you should begin to dig down some distance off, and carefully dig up towards the plant until you come up to the ends of its roots, and having thus found and relieved the extremities all round the plant, the earth near the stem may be last loosened, and the plant then removed. If you do not know what kind of roots a plant may have, it will always be most prudent to begin digging at some distance away from the stem.

In order to be able to re-plant properly, you must know how the roots grow naturally; and as this can only be learnt during the process of digging up, here is another reason for that process being carried out with care and consideration. The depth at which the roots are found below the surface should be especially remarked. How often have we observed ferns planted, aye, even by professed gardeners, in a manner in which it is impossible for the poor things to grow at all, treated as if they were young cabbages, or pricked out, like young lettuce, having all their roots squeezed together, and put down into a round hole some 6 inches deep, with their crowns an inch or two below the surface of the earth, their gracefully arching fronds having no alternative left them but to stand bolt upright! It seems almost incredible that any one who had ever seen a fern growing healthily, and had taken it up, could have failed to note that the crown is always found above the surface of the earth, and that the roots always lie upon or just beneath the surface and extend for some distance away from the crown. The roots of such a plant must inevitably rot if put deep into a hole, and the same thing will happen to its crown if smothered beneath a layer of soil; in short, a fern so treated is not planted, but buried, and as little likely to live as a man in the water would be who had only the point of his nose or the tips of his toes above the surface.—*W. T., Ibid.*



## BRIGHTELMSTON.

We need not trouble ourselves with "Brightelmston," as it is called in Domesday Book, when the luckless Harold drew his contingent of villeins from the hovel-covered beach, to do battle against the Norman Conqueror, on the neighbouring plains of Pevensey. We have nothing to do with it later on, in the reign of Henry VIII., when, as Holinshead tell us, the French, in 1545, came forth into the seas, arrived on the coast of Sussex before "Bright Hampstead;" nor when Deryk Carver, a brewer, and a Fleming by birth, and the owner of what is now called the Black Lion Street Brewery, the oldest building in the town, figured under the reign of Mary, of sanguinary memory, as the first martyr in Sussex, and who, after a long incarceration, was burned at Lewes; neither will we speculate upon the possible aspect which our pet resort presented when Charles II., on his flight into Normandy, passed a night at the "George" Inn in West-street, re-christened the "King's Head" at the Restoration. We refer the curious on this point to a quaint MS. in the British Museum, entitled, "The last act in miraculous story of his Majesty's escape: being a true and perfect revelation of his conveyance through many dangers to a safe harbour, out of the reach of his tyrannical enemies, by Colonel Gunter, of Racton, in Sussex." According to this account, it will be seen that there is no truth in the Story of Charles having slept at Mr. Frank

## MR BUNCE.

MR. BUNCE was a copying journeyman, who spent ten hours a day in Carey-street with a pen between his fingers; and after that he would often spend two or three hours of the night with a pen between his fingers in Marlborough-street. He was a thoroughly hard-working man, doing pretty well in the world, for he had a good house over his head, and always could find raiment and bread for his wife and eight children; but, nevertheless, he was an unhappy man because he suffered from political grievances, or, I should more correctly say, that his grievances were semi-political and semi-social. He had no vote, not being himself the tenant of the house in Great Marlborough-street. The tenant was a tailor who occupied the shop, whereas Bunce occupied the remainder of the premises. He was a lodger, and lodgers were not as yet trusted with the franchise. And he had ideas, which he himself admitted to be very raw, as to the injustice of the manner in which he was paid for his work. So much a folio, without reference to the way in which his work was done, without regard to the success of his work, with no questions asked of himself, was, as he thought, no proper way of remunerating a man for his labours. He had long since joined a Trade Union, and for two years past had paid a subscription of a shilling a week towards its funds. He longed to be doing some battle against his superiors, and to be putting himself in opposition to his employers; not that he objected personally to

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

In the interior of the Pavilion there were two rooms: one rather large, the other a mere dark closet, at the back, without a window.

When the pair had entered and closed the glass door, the young man threw off his hat, and raising Vévette's hand to his lips, kissed it silently, and with a sort of grave rapture. She laid her prayer-book down.

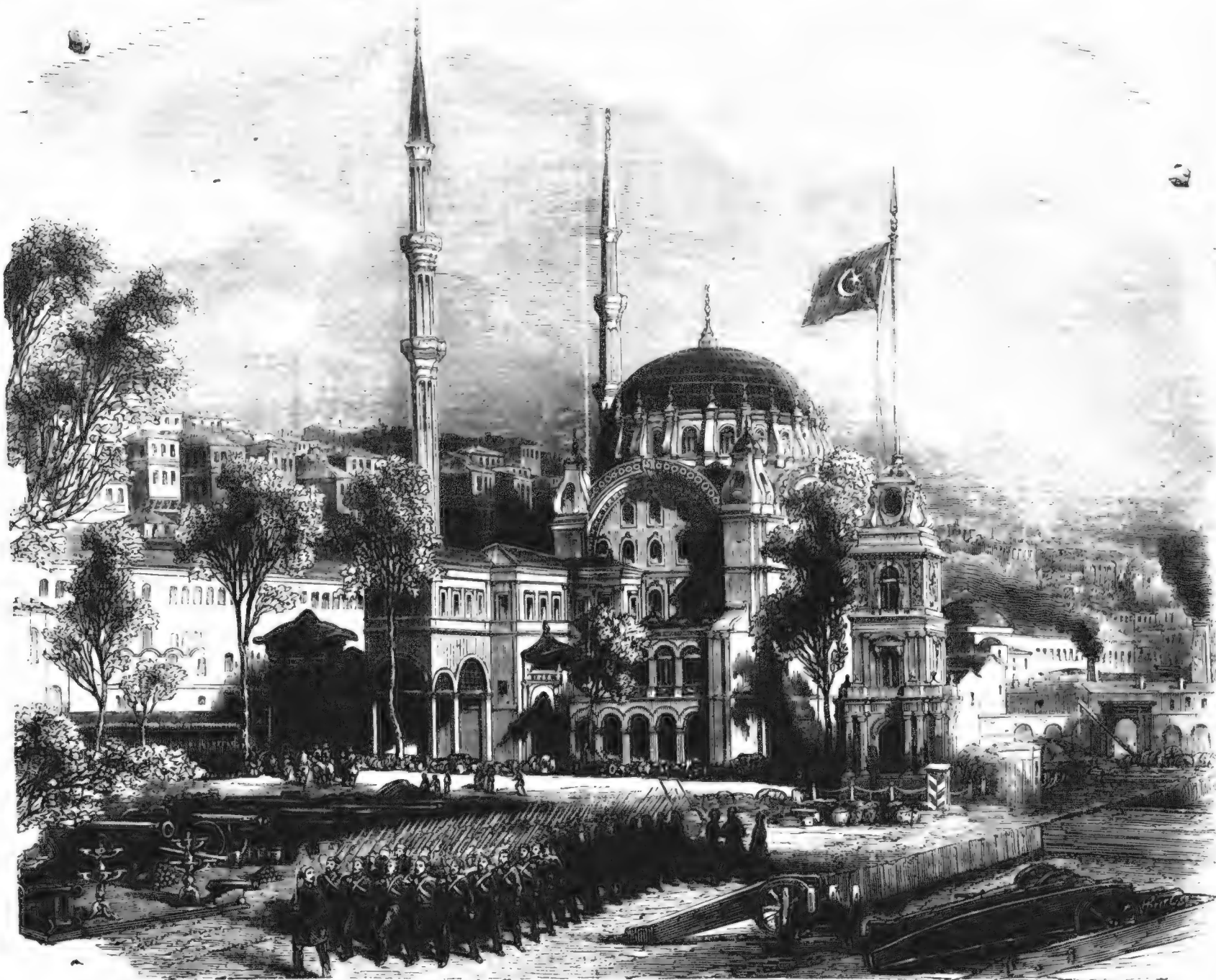
What a handsome pair they were! She all grace and softness, and tenderness, and humility; and he all fire and energy, and made, as it seemed, to protect her. Vévette was the first to speak. He appeared to have forgotten why they were there.

"Raoul," said she, "why have you forced me to come here? What have you to say to me?"

Holding her hand, which he took from his lips, in one of his, he, with the other arm, encircled her waist, and pressed her to him fondly. Her head just reached his chin, and as he bent down towards her, he could not choose but kiss her beautiful fair hair; but he did so reverently.

"Don't tremble so, my own," murmured he, almost inaudibly—for she quivered like a leaf. "You do not, you cannot fear me," and he drew her still closer to him.

Vévette was all pallor, and then again all one blush, and panting with terror and emotion. "What will become of us!" she cried;



THE TURKISH ARSENAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Mancell's, of Ovingdean Grange.—This gentleman only figured as a negotiator for the hire of the boat, the progress of which, after receiving its Royal freight, is thus described by Colonel Gunter:—"At eight o'clock I saw them on sayle, and it was the afternoon before they were out of sight. The wind (O Providence!) held very good to the next morning, till ten of the clock brought them to a place of Normandy, called Packham (Fécamp), some three miles from Havre de Grace."—*Broadway No. III.*

ENGLISH WRITERS ON BROADWAY.—Charles Dickens, when he was in New York, lived at the Carleton Home (which has long since, by-the-by, given place to a great business establishment), and never tired, it is said, of looking out upon the lively Broadway before him, and was much surprised, as he said, and edified at beholding, for the first time in his life, Irishmen with whole coats to their backs. Thackeray, too, who had nothing to do when in New York but to repeat his lectures, and had full time to indulge in that life of indulgent ease for which he confessed a liking, declared, great traveller as he was, that he had never found a street so much to his taste as Broadway, in which he did not fail daily to sun himself. Broadway, too, was always a great favourite with Irving, and especially with Halleck, who has in his "Fanny" given a permanent setting to some of its ancient landmarks.—*Broadway, No. III.*

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Gentlemen, before starting for the Continent, should go to Jones & Co's, 73, Long Acre, and purchase one of their Half-Guinea Hats (the Hamilton), new shape, which, for style and durability cannot be equalled.—JONES & Co. Manufacturers, 73, Long Acre.—[ADVT.]

Messrs. Foolscap, Margin, and Vellum, who always made much of him as a useful man; but because some such antagonism would be manly, and the fighting of some battle would be the right thing to do. "If Labour don't mean to go to the wall himself," Bunce would say to his wife, "Labour must look alive, and put somebody else there."—*Phineas Finn.*

## THE MOSQUE OF SOPHIA AND ARSENAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE visit of the Sultan of Turkey to England is not so distant as to preclude a view of some of the public works of Constantinople from being interesting. Of the Mosque of St. Sophia, we intend, in another number, giving a large interior view, and reserve a description until then. At the present time, in the Sultan's Arsenal, all is now activity, and more so since his return from Europe. Here he is constantly to be found watching improvements in this department suggested by the wonders he saw in the armoury works of England. The little war with the Cretans also increased his necessity for activity in this direction.

THE Diastatized Organic Iron and the Diastatized Organic Iodine are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.—[ADVT.]

and with a sudden, childlike impulse, she hid her face upon her lover's shoulder, and burst into tears.

Gently as a mother stills her babe did Raoul strive to calm and pacify Vévette. "My very own," said he, when the first paroxysm was over, "if you will follow my counsels, and if you can rely upon yourself, all will come right. Only answer me two questions. Do you love me, Vévette?" and as he uttered the words he looked at her with his whole soul in his eyes. She gave no reply in words, but as her eyes sank before his she again hid her face on his breast, and a tremor, a kind of electric vibration, passed over her frame.—*Saint Pauls.*

BAD POLICY.—The Emperor Napoleon has committed a dangerous inconsistency in putting a stop to the publication of the lists of subscriptions for the Italian volunteers, while the clerical papers are allowed to make a great flourish with figures of the fund for the Papal volunteers. He has thus pitted the aristocratic *devots* of the Quartier St. Germain, who are to a man, and still more to a woman, hostile to his dynasty, against the working men of the Faubourg St. Antoine and Mont Ste Genevieve. Even as far as the rival lists have appeared, they have a significance for a monarch elected by universal suffrage, who should look rather for the number of subscribers than to the amount of each subscription.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859, —[ADVT.]



# HOW TO TRACK A MURDER.

THE effect produced by such a tragedy in a little place like D—, does not require to be described. For twenty miles round it spread its terror; but in the centre of action itself, it exercised a vivifying power. The collective life of D— was quintupled. Every one's mind was busy upon the same subject, and at the same time. If a conversation began on any other topic, it was sure, before five minutes was over, to find its way round to the assassination of Martin Prevost; and, whether they who conversed were peasants or shopkeepers, you would have been equally astonished, had you overheard them, to note the extraordinary aptitude of all for the discharge of duties appertaining to the police. Each man—and, for that matter each woman, too—had his or her notion about the murderer, and was the inventor of a trap in which the criminal must be infallibly caught, and which on the part of the said inventor, proved a will-ness, a depth of calculation, and an instinct of the manners and ways of crime, that, so far as the moral condition of this rural population was concerned, was not pleasant. The officers of justice only seemed gifted with true administrative dulness, and the process of "instruction," as it is called, elicited, as it dragged on its pedantic course, remarks not flattering to judicial sharpness from the public. For the public knew everything, however secret; and, above all, whatever was surrounded with unusual precautions as to secrecy. The greffier of the Juge de Paix talked to his wife; the Maire talked to his married daughter; the huissier du tribunal confided in his bonne; the doctor who had examined the body transmitted his impressions to all his patients; and all the *devotes* discussed the matter with Monsieur le Cure and his Vicaire. Then the beadle, who was married to Madelon, the Maire's cook, and the sacristan, whose wife collected the money for the chairs during Divine service, and was charwoman twice a week at the private establishment of the principal grocer,—all these served as so many channels of communication, and from conduit to conduit conveyed the whole current of information from its head source in the cabinet of the Juge d'Instruction down to the kitchen of the humblest menagerie. But the worst of all was the brigadier de gen-

# HOW GARIBALDI TOOK MONTE ROTONDO.

MONTE ROTONDO is a large village with a kind of middle-age castle. It is situated on a hill, surrounded by other hills, on which the Garibaldians had managed to establish their pickets. The village is enclosed by high walls, and protected by a fortress, the garrison of which was composed of 300 men belonging to the Antibes Legion, a hundred gendarmes, and fifty dragoons, the whole supported by three pieces of cannon. It was against this fortress that Garibaldi led his volunteers who, according to all information, are very imperfectly armed. It is probable that the general thought that a siege of several days would only end in abating the enthusiasm of his troops, already greatly disheartened by hardships and hunger. At ten o'clock in the morning the fire opened along the whole line. The Pontifical troops, from behind their wall, poured out a most murdering fire. In two hours the assailants had 100 men *hors de combat*, but they had succeeded in scaling the outer hills, and were now charging the heavy iron-barred gates which gave entrance to the village. At four o'clock in the afternoon they had possessed themselves of some country houses, but they had ceased firing for want of ammunition. The Pontificals had scarcely suffered at all. The Garibaldians, after long and ineffectual attempts to batter in the gates, at length determined to blow them up. The fire spread rapidly, and the convent bells, which were sounding for prayer, added to the horror of the scene. In the night the Garibaldians commenced the final assault, large breeches having been made in the gates. At two o'clock, a.m., the columns of attack advanced. The defenders of the position replied by a strong volley of shot, but the presence of Garibaldi communicated to the volunteers an irresistible impetus; the walls fell, the gates disappeared, and Monte Rotondo was taken. There now remained the fortress. The Pontificals having sheltered themselves inside, re-commenced the fire, but this time with a great deal less effect, for the assailants were under shelter. At ten a.m. the besieged hoisted a white flag on the church tower, and surrendered at discretion.

# ABNORMAL LITERARY ACTIVITY.

THOMAS PURNELL writes to the *Athenaeum*:—"In the current number of a magazine, published by Messrs. Houlston and Wright, there appears a short story, 'In the Hoyle: an Adventure,' which had already been printed in another magazine. I, of course, have no objection to the editor of one periodical re-publishing the whole contents of another; but as this little story I have named was written by me, and had been re-produced without my knowledge, I was desirous to learn how the accident occurred. Had some needy professor of literature boldly plagiarized my production, palmed it off as his, and pocketed the honorarium? Perhaps, after all, the same adventure had occurred to another as to me; and that other, in telling his story, had, inexplicably but casually, lighted upon the same adjustment of sentences and collocation of words as I had? Or could it be possible that the editor of the magazine, hard pressed for material, had deliberately re-produced the story, and thus presented to the public what the public already possessed? My curiosity was excited. I accordingly addressed myself to Messrs. Houlston and Wright, the publishers. I was a fool for my pains. Messrs. H. and W. in reply did not satisfy my inquiry, and advised me in future to address myself not to them, but to Bartholomew Close, where the printer and proprietor of the magazine is to be found. Indeed, it seems I should have discovered for myself that 'all inquiries regarding MSS. are to be addressed' thither, and not to them. As my inquiries were not 'regarding MSS.,' and as I declined to be referred to Bartholomew Close, I again wrote to Messrs. H. and W., renewing my wish to know by whose authority they re-published in one magazine what had been written for another. In a rejoinder they evade my question, and, pretending that I 'evidently contemplated ulterior proceedings,' they inform me what the 'general rule in such cases' is. So I gained nothing by my unreasonable importunity. It is clearly unpardonable for an author to trouble the publishers with a complaint such as mine. But I did not get off with information as to what is 'the general rule in such cases.' The publishers not only lecture me for my audacity, but become aggressive. By



A VIEW IN SOUTH WALES.

darmerie. This official, by name Fredetick Herrenschmidt, a gigantic Alsatian, was the devoted and pretty well avowed suitor of Madame Jean; and from Monsieur Frederi, as she styled him, awful as he might be to the general public of D—, she contrived to extract the minutest details.—*Saint Pauls.*

**MIDDLE CLASS CANDIDATES.**—The South Leicestershire election promises to be of some significance. Mr. Pell, who has been nominated as a Conservative candidate, is an intimate friend of Mr. C. S. Read, the tenant-farmer M.P. for East Norfolk, and is a gentleman of about the same position in life. He has taken a prominent part in the establishment of the Chambers of Agriculture, and he is also almost as great an enthusiast as Mr. Read on the subject of the malt tax. But the obvious significance of the candidature of Mr. Pell is the tendency which it discloses among the agricultural community to choose representatives from the middle class, instead of from among the "large-acred squires," or young scions of noble houses.

**AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.**—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which, as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1½d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farrington-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

# A VIEW IN SOUTH WALES.

WE recently gave a charming little picture of "A Scene in Surrey." This week we give what may be termed a companion picture of a "View in South Wales."

THE inventory of the late President Lincoln's estate at Springfield, Illinois, amounts to \$5,000 dollars. This does not include the congressional appropriations for Mrs. Lincoln.

**A SAD BLUNDER.**—The news brought by the Royal Mail steamer *Lagos* from the West Coast of Africa informs us that H.M.S. Investigator has been on some mission or other up the Niger, that she grounded abreast of a small hostile town, that the natives, being unluckily in possession of cannon, "took advantage of her position, and pounded her for eleven days; at the end of which, by throwing overboard her stores, she contrived to escape with the loss of two seamen killed and several wounded," and arrived at *Lagos* "completely riddled." The story is a strange one. Why are the natives "hostile" to us, and how comes it that H.M.S. Investigator permitted herself to be thus taken advantage of? We are not accustomed to read of such accidents befalling our men-of-war at the hands of savages.

**THE AUSTRIAN BISHOPS.**—The Austrian papers publish a second address to the Emperor from the Austrian bishops. This address treats of the educational question, and is couched in the same spirit as that on the Concordat. It claims "a right for the Church to have a position in national schools, so as not only to provide the people with a religious education, but also to take care that no tares should be sown with the wheat," and insists that "no one whose faith and conduct are not unimpeachable should be appointed a teacher, and that no book should be used in the schools that contains anything in opposition to eternal truth." The address concludes by stating that in every parish the educational superintendence should be in the hands of the clergyman, and that any departure from this principle, or disregard of any of the other rights of the Church as above stated, must practically amount to a violation of the Concordat.

implication, they menace me with prospective and permanent displeasure; I am, doubtless, at this very moment on the black book of the house of Houlston and Wright! They announce their resolve in words which I shall here retail for the benefit of others:—"A short time ago, we had a peremptory demand of a similar nature, and although we stated we were unable to give any other information than the name of the proprietor, it did not satisfy our author, who forthwith commenced proceedings. These ended in nothing, except that we carefully registered his name and address, to beware of him in all future time as a contributor to any publication over which we have control."

By the next post I received a note from Bartholomew Close. The proprietor, courteously enough and unasked by me, gives me what, doubtless, he believes is valid authority for the transference of the little story. With him here I have nothing to do. I simply desire to record that—

1. There is at least one magazine in London which believes itself authorized to offer the public without explanation what has elsewhere appeared; and 2. That there is at least one firm in London, Messrs. Houlston and Wright, who have "not the least control over the editorial arrangements of the magazines they publish," but who, nevertheless, when authors complain of injustice, carefully register their names and addresses "to beware of them in all future time as contributors to any publication over which they have control."

**THE Great Eastern Company** has curtailed its train service this month, and has entirely suspended Sunday trains on some of the small country branches—the Lynn and Hunstanton, the Tendring Hundred, &c.

**TO CONSUMPTIVES.**—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to send by post, free of charge, to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, No. 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[ADVT.]



## LAW AND POLICE.

**SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST A PUBLICAN.**—Mr. John Wildey, landlord of the Bull Tavern, Little College-street, Westminster, was brought up from the House of Detention, on remand, charged with unlawfully possessing three coats (stolen), value £3, and not giving a satisfactory account of their possession, and also with unlawfully possessing 174 counterfeit shillings, and 20 counterfeit half-crowns.—Mr. Bellamy said it appeared that in the execution of a search warrant on the premises of the prisoner, the officers, Sergeant Mason, of the B division, and Sergeant Ham, of the P division, went up into a public room, and there, under an inverted spittoon, found a small parcel, contain packets of counterfeit coin, wrapped up in the usual way; the prisoner disclaimed all knowledge of it, and he thought that the circumstance of finding it in a public room, and not under the immediate control of the prisoner, a conviction would not be certain if sent to trial, and that the charge should be withdrawn.—Mr. Lewis said he was prepared with some strong cases upon the point, and cited that of "Regina v. Weeks," in the 20th volume of the *Lancet Journal* where, although the conviction was affirmed, there was such a doubt in the minds of the judges that it almost amounted to a quashing.—Mr. Selfe said it was not for him to override the discretion of a public officer like the Mint. He, however, thought there was abundant evidence to go before the jury, and he had no doubt that under the authority of the very case, Mr. Lewis had quoted, a conviction would be obtained against the prisoner at the bar.—Mr. Lewis then contended that the prisoner was illegally in custody; but Mr. Selfe overruled the objection.—Sergeant Ham proved going to the prisoner's house with a search warrant, and upon two barrels in the bar finding a parcel containing three coats, stolen from the house of Mr. Philpot, a butcher, of 12, Brewer's-green, Westminster. Prisoner twice denied receiving anything, but when he and Sergeant Mason began to search, prisoner turned round and said to his daughter, "Oh, I forgot; where is the parcel the woman left here last night?" This was the parcel spoken of by the officer; prisoner said he did not know the woman except by sight. The coats were identified; other property was stolen from Mr. Philpot's house at the same time.—Sergeant Mason said that was all the evidence he had to offer, and only since the last examination had he ascertained that the prisoner was a returned convict. Mr. Selfe said there was not sufficient evidence to justify him in sending the prisoner for trial. At the same time no one could doubt that the house of the prisoner was a notorious receptacle for stolen property. The prisoner might not have known that this property was stolen, but he knew well that other was, and he (Mr. Selfe) hoped the police would note his remarks, and report them to the licensing magistrates at their next meeting. The character of the house was mischievous, and not infrequently furnished matter for inquiry at this court. He did not know what the licensing magistrates would be unless they stepped in, and put a stop to the practices going on there. It was a house frequented by sharpers familiar to that court, and it had been searched for property stolen at Fenge; but it was being searched again, and a whole mass of had money was found, carefully wrapped up ready for use, and he had no doubt of the guilty knowledge of the prisoner. He hoped the license would not be renewed to the prisoner, and that a respectable firm like Elliott, Watney, and Co., would do their best to retrieve the character of the house. The prisoner must be discharged.—The prisoner said he had been six months away at Ratcliffe, and left his daughter in charge.—Mr. Selfe told him that he was not fit to keep a public-house.

**PERJURY SOMEWHERE.**—Mr. John Murree, who resides at Peckham, but has a beer-shop in the York-road, Battersea; and Isabella Lawes, in whose name the license was taken out, were summoned for assaulting Police-constable Lloyd, 125 P, while in the execution of his duty.—The case had been a long time under the consideration of the Court, as there had been several adjournments.—On the first hearing the female defendant was summoned by the police for serving after hours, but that case was dismissed. The present summonses were then issued for a subsequent date. It appeared that at about a quarter past twelve o'clock on the 23rd of September, Sergeant Sullivan and a constable saw a light in the house, heard loud talking inside, and the rattling of money on the counter. They knocked for admission, and it was not until the knocking had been repeated that the door was opened. Both the defendants came forward, and said they should not enter, and used violent language. They also assaulted the police, the male defendant striking Lloyd on the face, and knocking him down, causing his nose to bleed. It also appeared that when the police made their report at the Battersea Station it was represented that the defendants were not sober.—Both Mr. Murree and his housekeeper indignantly denied that they were drunk. Their answer to the case was that, after closing, the female defendant was making up the accounts, when a knocking was heard at the door, which was opened on its being announced that the police were outside. The officers, as they entered, stumbled, as if they were not sober.—On the female defendant looking up she saw the constable striking Mr. Murree, who stepped back and asked him what he meant. She went round the counter, when the sergeant pushed her away. The constable also used violent language. Mr. Murree made a complaint to Mr. Butt, who then told him that he would be summoned, when he would have an opportunity of making his explanation.—Witnesses were called on both sides, each party swearing that the other was not sober.—Mr. Dayman at length summed up, and said he had no doubt that the constable had been guilty of violent and unjustifiable conduct, and that the sergeant had endeavoured to screen him. There was not the slightest pretence for saying that the occupants were drunk, who appeared to have been engaged in their lawful business.—Both summonses were dismissed.

**EXTENSIVE AND SYSTEMATIC ROBBERIES.**—Thomas Hiatt, 22, Mary Hiatt, 21, his wife, and Thomas Ostick, master plumber, carrying on business at 15, Pantom-street, Haymarket, were brought up on remand before Mr. Woolrych, the former being charged with robbing several furnished lodgings, the man Hiatt was further charged with stealing property of great value from unfinished buildings, and the last-named prisoner with charged with feloniously receiving the said property knowing it to have been stolen.—The evidence which was very voluminous, went to show that the prisoners Hiatt had taken a large quantity of property, valued at £14 from Mrs. Miller, Institute-terrace, Norwood, and from other places where they occupied furnished lodgings. The man Hiatt had been employed at several buildings, amongst others at Nos. 3 and 4, Alleyne-terrace, East Dulwich, for Mr. Fox and Mr. North, and also at Holly Lodge, Gipsy-road, for Mr. Wettenhall, from both of which places property to the value of some pounds was stolen. This property, consisting of water-closet apparatus, steel yards, new patent locks, bells, painters' brushes, and knives, brass knobs, plates, and other house-fittings, was traced by Constables Dowling, 147 F, and Butcher, 137 C, to the prisoner Ostick, who said he had bought them of Hiatt, who said that his father had taken them in exchange for work done.—Mr. Fox indignantly denied that he owed Hiatt's father any money.—Mr. Woolrych committed the Hiatts for Mrs. Wilson's robbery, taking bail for the wife; he also committed the men Hiatt and Ostick for the stealing and receiving in Mr. Fox's case, agreeing to accept bail for Ostick, himself in £300, and two sureties in £150 each, with notice.

**THE SUSPECTED MURDER IN FINSBURY.**—Mary Jane Flye, 23 years of age, and Amelia Sparrow, 28, charged on their own confession with being concerned in causing the death of a female child, the offspring of the former, were brought by Mr. Inspector

Maskell, of the G division, before Mr. Newton, for re-examination.—Mr. Poland observed that the public interest attached to this really remarkable and important case was manifestly increasing, and it would be his duty to have every portion of matter relating to it investigated. Since the previous hearing an attempt had been made to bring before the Court, Mr. Klumpson, represented as being the father of the child in question, but he regretted to say that had proved fruitless, and as his presence was absolutely indispensable, he should now ask for a warrant to effect his apprehension.—Two constables of the G division then swore that for nearly a week past they sought to find Mr. Klumpson either at his private residence or at his place of business without avail. Moreover, his property was being removed. Fragmentary evidence of several fresh witnesses who had resided at the house in Finsbury at the time it was occupied by the prisoners, and of the police, was received relative to Flye having repeatedly accused her fellow-prisoner of having, in conjunction with another person, murdered her baby, and of the latter admitting it.—Mr. Beard contended that his client, at any rate, was entitled to her discharge, for the accusation, that of concealment of birth, had quite fallen to the ground, it being in evidence that she admitted her condition to several.—Mr. Poland said that by a recent enactment this was an offence punishable by penal servitude for life.—Mr. Newton ordered the prisoners to be further remanded, and the warrant to issue forthwith.

**A REFRACTORY CLOWN.**—Mr. John Bourne, manager to Mr. Barrington's Hippodrome, in High-street, Peckham, appeared before Mr. Woolrych to answer a charge of assaulting William Anriol, a clown engaged at the same establishment.—The complainant stated that he was engaged at Barrington's Circus, in High-street, Peckham, as a clown, and one portion of his performance was to throw back summer-suits over several chairs in the circus. The defendant played the chairs out of the ring, but witnesses went before the public dressed as a "comic," and renewed his performance, and upon his retiring to the dressing-room he was met by the defendant, who used a fearful oath, and gave him "One, two, three" (singing the action to the word in a very professional style). The result was that he had his mouth cut, his eye blacked, and his cheek very much swollen.—In cross-examination, the complainant said that the chair performance was not in that day's programme. The defendant had the regulation of the performance, and desired him not to "do the chair business."—The defendant said that Anriol not only refused to comply with the programme set down, but he went in a state of intoxication into the dressing-room, and in the presence of the ladies, used the most foul discourse.—The complainant (bitterly): How could I do my business if I was drunk? And if you please I've lost my place. (Laughter)—Mr. Woolrych: Well, I should say it is dangerous enough to try to break your neck when you are sober, much less to get drunk.—Miss Bourne and Mrs. Stirling, two of the proprietresses, testified to the bad language of the complainant.—Mr. Woolrych suggested a settlement, which the defendant refused, consequently he was fined £1 and costs.—The money was paid.

**THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF AN OLD WOMAN.**—At the Southwark Police-court Mrs. Mary Ann Miller, the wife of a highly-respectable tradesman, and the mother of a large family, residing in the St. George's-road, was charged with attempting to murder Mary Catermole, her nurse and servant, 70 years of age, by cutting her throat in a fearful manner with a razor.—Police-constable 58 M said that between six and seven o'clock on Friday morning he was on duty in the New Kent-road when a boy came running towards him, and requested him to go to a house in the St. George's-road. On the way there he met two young men supporting an aged female, who had her throat cut, and he was told to make haste to the house, as they were taking the female to Guy's Hospital. When he got to the house he found two men holding the prisoner in the passage, and in answer to his questions, they said that she had been cutting the throat of an aged domestic, Mary Catermole, whom he had met in the street. He inquired what she had done with it, and on their replying, "with a razor," the young men left the house. He (the constable) then took charge of the prisoner, whose hands were all over blood. She was very much excited, and took him into the kitchen, where he found blood scattered about near the fire-place and the dresser, and everything in the room disarranged. He also saw a razor, with the blade turned back and covered with blood, lying on the mantel-shelf. The prisoner pointed that out.—Mr. Burcham asked if she was sober.—Witness replied that she was perfectly sober, but very much excited. He was of opinion that at the time she was not in her right senses. As soon as he entered the house she said, "I have been cutting Mrs. Catermole's throat with a razor," and then she took him into the kitchen, and pointed the razor out to him. He then took her to the station-house.—Mr. Burcham asked if she said anything further?—Witness replied that she said "She was sorry, and hoped she had not injured the old lady much; she did not think she had cut her throat." She repeated these words, in an incoherent manner, all the way to the station-house.—In answer to Mr. Edlin, Witness said she was more like a mad woman than anything else. He was sure she was not under the influence of drink.—Mr. Henry Shinglewood Taylor, house surgeon at Guy's Hospital, said that about eight o'clock on Friday morning an aged female, named Mary Catermole, was brought into their institution in a very exhausted state from loss of blood. He examined her, and found two wounds on the neck—one on each side. The wound on the right side was four inches in length, dividing several of the muscles, reaching from the front of the neck to the spine. The wound on the other side was three inches long, reaching from the chin downwards towards the chest. It was not so deep as the other, and had not divided any of the arteries or injured the wind-pipe. They were incised wounds, inflicted by some sharp instrument, such as the razor produced.—Mr. Burcham asked if there was any immediate danger to be apprehended?—Witness answered in the negative. There was no absolute danger. The wounded woman was very old, and had received a severe shock to her system. On further examination he had discovered a wound on the top of the back part of her head, about an inch in length, down to the bone. That was a clean cut, and may have been done with the same instrument.—Mr. Edlin here said that he had in attendance Dr. Pendle and two other medical gentlemen who had attended the prisoner during her confinement, as they would be able to show that since her last delivery symptoms of insanity had arisen. As for the injured woman, she had the greatest affection for her, and if in her right senses would never have injured her.—Mr. Burcham observed that it was necessary to have a remand to ascertain the state of the injured woman.—The prisoner was accordingly removed to the infirmary at Horseferry-lane Gaol.—At the closing of the court on Saturday, the magistrate was informed that the injured woman was progressing favourably.

**NEGRO PREACHING.**—The following is the prayer with which a negro preacher opened a mass meeting of black Radicals, lately held in Richmond:—"Oh, Lord God, bless our enemies—bless President Johnson. We would not even have him sent to hell. Come, oh come, good Lord, and touch his heart, even while I am talking with you to-night (amen). Show him the error of his ways. Have mercy upon our 'Mosca' (sarcastic great laughter, and amen). Who, like Esau, has sold his birthright for a morsel of pottage—took us in the wilderness and left us there. Come down upon him, oh Lord, with thy blessing. God bless us in our meeting to-night, and help us in what we do! God forbid that we should choose any Conservative that has the spirit of the devil in his heart, and whose feet take hold on hell. God bless our old friend—true and tried—Mr. Hunnicutt, who has stood a great many sorrows, and I think he can stand a great many more (laughter)."

## HOW THEY MURDER IN FRANCE.

On the 28th of June last the mutilated corpse of a man was discovered in the Seine, close to St. Ouen; the head, arms, and legs were wanting; they had been severed by an experienced hand. A few days later the arms and legs were found in their turn, and the missing head was at length found on the 6th of July. A medical investigation immediately ascertained the fact that death was the result of a crime. The skull had been fractured; on the left side it bore not less than seventeen wounds, inflicted by a bludge instrument; the neck also bore marks of violent pressure, and it was fully established that the limbs had been cut off a very short time after death, and that the operation had been performed by a skilful hand. The victim must have been attacked whilst asleep, and reclining on the right side, and struck violently on the head whilst at the same time the throat was compressed. Ere long the corpse was identified as that of one Duguet, a farmer at Longprey, in the department Seine-et-Marne. He was an old man of 72, but notwithstanding his advanced age was renowned for his great bodily strength. On the 26th of June, Duguet had repaired to the market of La Chapelle with a wagon laden with force and drawn by a white horse. There he had entered into a large deal with a suspicious-looking individual who had ultimately purchased a wagon load, and in whose company he had gone off with horse, wagon, and lead in the direction of Levallois-Perret (another suburban village). In a little time after this Duguet's horse and wagon were discovered; they had been sold by an individual who gave the name of Jean Charles, and who described himself as a dealer in furs, living at 39, Cite des Chas-cours, Asnières-sur-Seine. An active search having been instituted, the floor and walls of the house were found to bear traces of blood, with a recent washing had failed to obliterate. The house consisted of three rooms on the ground floor, all communicating with each other. The traces of blood were chiefly apparent on the boards of the innermost room, and the blood oozing through the interstices of the boards had collected on the roof of the cellar below. Finally, a portion of Duguet's wagon load, consisting of hay and straw, was found on the premises. With these overwhelming charges against him, Avina, who at first had not then with absolute denials understood he could no longer decline his participation (*sic*) in the death of Duguet. He invented a story, to which he adhered throughout the preliminary investigation. He said that on the 26th of June he had met Duguet at the market of La Chapelle, whither he had repaired to buy some hay; he had agreed to buy his load for 70f. Both proceeded together to the Rue St. Eloi, and about 1 p.m. took the wagon into the barn to unload it. That operation was nearly over, when a quarrel arose between them respecting the amount of purchase money. The prisoner avers that, yielding to an impulse of passion, he had knocked Duguet off his cart; the old man's head struck the ground so violently in his fall that he remained insensible. Frightened at the consequences which this accident might entail, the accused alleges that he dragged Duguet into the second room, and there gave him his death blow with a stone; it might then be about half-past four p.m. Two nights afterwards only, he had cut up the corpse, to dispose of it more easily, and after transferring these bleeding remains into the third or innermost room, he had flung them into the Seine. This account is confuted on every point by the preliminary investigations. The accused asserts, for instance, that after he and Duguet had entered the house, the latter had never left it alive; nevertheless it is proved that both of them went and dined at a restaurant, Rue Caré, No. 38, kept by a woman named Mathie. Another woman who lived in the house No. 3, Rue St. Eloi, named Fabre, saw them both coming home together. They appeared to be coming from a walk on the banks of the Seine. They were afterwards seen removing the horse and wagon, which the accused offered for sale between four and five o'clock that afternoon to one Tournier, a retail dealer, living at 55, Rue de Courcelles, at Levallois. On the other hand, the traces of blood found in the second and third rooms of the house occupied by Avina were subjected to chemical analysis. That investigation has irrefragably established the fact that the marks in the second room were produced by coagulated blood, and those in the third room by the splashing of blood in a fluid state; hence Duguet must have been murdered in the third room, cut up on the spot immediately, or very soon after death, and the bleeding fragments were carried later into the second room. Finally, the account given by the accused clashes with every probability; 87 metres from the barn, on the threshold of which he describes Duguet to have fallen, there is a house, No. 3, Rue St. Eloi, the windows of which command a view of Avina's premises. How can we suppose him to have been rash enough to drag the body of Duguet across this open space and in full view of the neighbours to his house, and there have given him the finishing stroke, thus needlessly incurring the risk of his victim uttering one single cry, which would lead to his detection? Moreover, none of the neighbours heard any quarrelling or scuffling, nor the fall of the body from the cart to the ground. But this is not all; the fearful crime which caused Duguet's death is not the only one attempted or even committed by the accused. Avina had formerly been in business in Paris as a butcher. Six condemnations have already been recorded against him: on the 20th of August, 1855, he was transferred to Cayenne; he was brought back to France in 1866, and landed in a state of utter destitution; he soon incurred a fresh condemnation, and only recovered his freedom at the end of January, 1867. Towards the close of the month of February he hired Avenue Montaigne 29 a large coach-house, which he said he meant to convert into a store for hay and straw, &c.; he assumed the name of Bontis, and described himself as living at Legny. On the 12th of March he proceeded to the market of Charenton, and bought a load of hay from one Lecompte; Lecompte carried the hay to the Avenue Montaigne. The accused detained him until nightfall under the pretence that he was unable to pay him immediately, and induced him to sleep in the storeroom. Lecompte, thinking the goods of his customer very suspicious, kept on his guard, and to his vigilance, no doubt, he owes his life. In the morning, as the money was not forthcoming, Lecompte had Avina arrested, but he contrived to escape. At the same time that he had rented the premises in the Avenue Montaigne he had taken the precaution to hire a place at Courbevoie, in a lonely lane close to the Seine; he gave there another false name, Alphonse, and described himself as a grain dealer, living at Meaux. On the 15th of March he went to the market at La Chapelle, and bought a cartload of hay and straw from a M. Vincent. The cart was drawn by two horses; the driver and seller both went together to Courbevoie, where they arrived towards nightfall. They dined at a neighbouring public-house, and Vincent agreed to sleep at Avina's premises as it was so late. In the course of the evening Avina borrowed a hammer from a neighbour. A little time after, Vincent disappeared, and none of the neighbours could tell what had become of him. On the 19th of March the mutilated body of Vincent was discovered in the Seine near Argenteuil. The head, arms, and legs had been cut away. The murderer of Duguet was evidently the same as the murderer of Vincent. The prisoner, moreover, does not deny having murdered Vincent, but tucks up a story about a quarrel, of his having knocked down his victim, and, frightened at the consequences, having killed him right out, and disposed of the body in the manner stated.

The rest of the evidence merely bore out the *acte d'accusation*, and the jury having returned a verdict of guilty, without extraneous circumstances, the prisoner was sentenced to death.



## IMPORTANT TO CURATES.

Good curates are said to be scarce, and, on the other hand, so are good curacies. In the matter of finding either the one or the other there is experienced that difficulty of fitting the piece to the person, and the person to the place, which is very generally found when an individual is required really to do good and definite work under certain well-defined conditions.

The advertisements for curates—those very useful members of society—are sometimes puzzling in their vagueness. According to the nature of the religious newspaper in which they make their appearance, certain distinguishing qualities are to be looked for. The same species of curate would hardly obey the summons of the *Record* and of the *Guardian*, or, still more, of the *Church Times*. But how seldom is it, that from any of these sheets the general public, or even the inquiring curate, can become acquainted with the nature, not only of the work which is to be done, but of the country itself where the parish lies, and of the people with whom he is to come in contact. The following advertisement is taken from the columns of a journal which certainly does not belong to any of the sects of the "religious" prints (of course, we are not here to be understood as saying that it is irreligious). It seems to us to present a quite unusual clearness of statement with regard to what is wanted in the curate, and the prospects which are held out to him. We consider it to be a species of model advertisement, and we beg to bring it before the notice of our readers, who may be interested in fixing the locality of some favoured curate. It runs as follows:—

"Curate wanted at Christmas in a village adjoining a market town in Essex, close to a railway station; distance from London forty miles, by time two hours; population, 3,000. Stipend, £120 per annum. Good and central lodgings to be hired at a moderate cost. No week-day services in the church except in Lent; two full services on Sunday, and schools. No great poverty amongst the poor; their employment, agricultural and manufacturing; their general character respectable and friendly. Fine church, good organ, organist, and choir. Rector resident; family occasionally absent, being invalids. Good circulating library in neighbouring town. Not much society. The locality healthy. A gentleman of moderate opinions and unmarried preferred. These particulars given to save trouble to both parties. For address apply by letter to —"

The picture here presented to us is of such a curate as Mr. Trollope would love—a curate of the type of Mr. Roberts of Framley—not one of your impracticable people, like Mr. Crawley of *Blackstock*, and quite as unlike any of the favourite proteges of the Proudie faction.

It is perfectly evident that this is the post for a quiet and gentlemanly curate—not one of those who, in their "greed for work," are always looking their noses into other people's affairs. One sees that the Churchism (if the word may be permitted) of the Essex village is not of a rampant kind, being as far distant from that of the Low Church party, on the one hand, as from that of the Pittelists on the other. The "free church, good organ, and choir" suggest a due regard for the good order as well as the amenities of the service, and imply a fineness of taste in the rector which will require an answering something in the curate. The announcement of a "good circulating library in the neighbouring town" is evidently intended as a set-off against the statement that there is "not much society," and this is somewhat important, for in a district where there is "no great poverty, and the poor are 'respectable and friendly,'" and the church services are not onerous, a curate must have something to occupy his mind. It is said that an unmarried gentleman is preferred. This seems to us wise in various respects. £120 a year is a good stipend, as curates' stipends go; but it is not much for a man with a family; and the agreeable unmarried curate with time on his hands, who would be a charming addition to the small society, would be a much preferable companion to the married and careworn family man endeavouring to exist on the same sum. Perhaps, for the curate, too, this offers a species of possible employment. Doubtless, even in the limited circle of the society of the neighbourhood, there are ladies to whom the presence of a new curate, important always to their sex, would become even more interesting from the fact of his being still on the list of the "eligibles." What a vista of solid excitement for the ladies, and of additional comforts for the curate, is thus opened up in the present, not to speak of future possibilities!

We trust that the rector, who, by the way, is clearly and carefully stated what he wants, may meet with a gentlemanly curate, who will comfortably fill all his requirements.

## WHY TOURISTS PREFER FOREIGN TRAVEL.

In some not unimportant respects, even if the scenery of Great Britain were far more beautiful than it is, and if the accommodations of home travel were infinitely superior to what they are, our native shores would never be equal to foreign resorts for a native tourist in search of rest. We, even the idlest and wealthiest of us, live very hard and very fast in this land of ours; far harder and far faster than any nation, unless it be our kinmen across the Atlantic. We crowd as much excitement, whether it be of work or pleasure, into the four-and-twenty hours as they will well bear; and we hardly know what it is to enjoy the luxury of doing nothing. And so, when holiday-time comes round, our natural instinct is to seek change,—to get out of the old treadmill in which we have been toiling,—to leave behind us, as far as possible, the very memory of our labour. Now, in England this is hardly possible to us. Wherever we go we see men engaged in the same restless round of occupation as that from which we have escaped for a season. England, even if we throw in Scotland and Ireland, is a small place as far as area goes, after all; and wherever we may turn, we hear the same ideas uttered, more or less in the same language,

read the same papers, and live the same lives. But the moment we have crossed the Straits of Dover we are in a new world, filled with people who speak another tongue, think other thoughts, have other ways, and who, whether far better or worse, are other than the men and women amongst whom our lives are spent. Judging from our own experience, we should say that one day at Boulogne, or Calais, or Dieppe, gives more change, and therefore more rest, to the mind of an Englishman than a week spent at Brighton, or Bath, or Cheltenham.—*Saint Pauls.*

## THE DECAY OF THE STAGE.

With pieces "running" one hundred and two hundred nights, with such triumphs of "realism" as coal-mines, shafts, water-caves, set streets, city offices re-produced; and, above all, conflagrations, house-burnings, that to the eye can hardly be distinguished from the original models, with water, fire, ice, grass, imitated perfectly, and with the easier resource, where it can be done, of bringing the real objects themselves on the stage, things surely ought to look palmy. Yet it may be declared that if we were to take the sense of the profession generally, managers and actors, it would be admitted that decay is setting in. The mechanists, scene-painters, and actors,—they are named according to their proper precedence,—are at this end of their tether. They have exhausted their fertile fancy. The burlesque "arrangers" and actors have tried every conceivable physical extravagance within the compass of "break-downs," low dresses, goddesses hopped up at the knee, profiles of songs, &c. The mythology is run out. The opera stories are done. So, too, with scenic effects. In real life there are only half a dozen tremendous and dramatic physical catastrophes which can confound and surprise. When we have seen a fire, an earthquake, a breaking of the ice and drowning, an accident, very few things remain either difficult to imitate or likely to astonish. We have had all this. But one "sensational" effort remains untried, the hint of which is at the service of the skillful playwright—the running off the line of a train, and its being precipitated over a bridge. What will come next? It must be something of this "school," new, but of lower interest, in which case our excitement will be languid. The man who has drunk brandy always, will find tea insipid. So with the break-downs, the dressing, the mythology, and the usual parodies of songs. They can only reproduce now. By-and-bye even the admirers of this class of entertainment will find that the stage has grown dull.—*Saint Pauls.*

**THE GLASS HOUSE OF THE "CHARITABLE" MAN.**—Another glass house equally meriting destruction is that which the "charitable" man raises to hide from the world his meanness and selfishness. He is generally a pertinacious hunter after titled society, and if "my lady" asks his assistance for a "bad and blanket" society, of which she is the patroness, with many a smile, and much expression of gratitude "for the opportunity afforded him of assisting in the promotion of such a benevolent object," he will tender his guinea. But mark his demeanour to his wife when he reaches home, and you will see that he is not very grateful "for the opportunity;" and most assuredly that guinea will be eventually repaid out of his daughter's miserable pittance. It is true that the hypocrite will preach to her on the blessings which must rest on those who spend their money in charity rather than on dress; but can she believe him; and what must a daughter think of such a father?—*Saint Pauls.*

**THE CORN SUPPLY.**—Vessels bringing more than 400,000 bushels, or 1,200,000 bushels, of wheat are said to be on their way to Marseilles. Nevertheless, the last returns as to the average price of wheat in France shows no decline; but, on the contrary, a further advance of 19 centimes per quintal. More than a fourth of the French departmental markets have remained firm; a fourth have been quiet; and on the other fourth, there has been a more or less decided fall. Quotations have scarcely varied at the French seaports; wheat is taken off at Marseilles as fast as it arrives. The grain trade is animated in the Black Sea ports, but quiet in the Baltic.

**ARE THE ENGLISH CONSERVATIVE?**—The Right Hon. C. B. Adderley once made a joke when in conversation with the late Mr. Cobden which circumstance he imparted to his audience at the Conservative dinner at Coventry last week. The right hon. gentleman said, "I recollect once putting this question to Mr. Cobden: 'Do not, you confess that the tendency of Englishmen is Conservative?' His answer was, 'Conservative is an expression hardly strong enough; they are Chinese; and if our great-grandfathers had put our great-grandfathers' infant feet into small shoes we should still be doing the same with our daughters.' I ventured a joke upon the occasion, and said that, in that case, we should have had an after-corn law. Mr. Cobden did not take the joke. He was a practical man."

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